

D I A L O G U E S

A N D

L E T T E R S

O N

M O R A L I T Y, Æ C O N O M Y,

A N D

P O L I T E N E S S,

F O R T H E

I M P R O V E M E N T and E N T E R T A I N M E N T of
Y O U N G F E M A L E M I N D S.

By the AUTHOR of DIALOGUES on the FIRST
PRINCIPLES of RELIGION.

L O N D O N,

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30.4.44

DEDICATION.

To Mrs. Larney Markinn.

MADAM,

AS encouraged by your approbation of the following little work, I now present it to the *public*, so permit me particularly to offer it to your patronage and acceptance. The high and important duties of a mother, in which you are engaged (though by numbers overlooked, or lightly esteem-

ed as if *easily* executed), you, Madam, entertain a just and noble idea of. You consider, that the weighty charge of training the minds of your children to religion and virtue is committed to your hands. As, of all other charges, so of this in particular, will you be called to render a severe account. Conscious of your duty to conduct them to the paths of immortality and glory, you was pleased to express a desire of possessing a copy of this little book, as one that would be instrumental in forwarding your great design. Shall I confess

confess, Madam, that such a request highly flattered my vanity ; as it was a most convincing proof, that you esteemed it fit to answer the end for which it was penned ; namely, That of promoting *virtue* and *morality*, at the same time that it was capable of affording *amusement* to the imagination of the young reader. Nor do I only esteem myself happy, in thus presenting it to you ; but likewise by having it in my power, in this public manner, to declare the unalterable sincerity with which I many years have

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have had the honour and happiness to be,

Your most affectionate

and much obliged Friend,

M. P.

P R E F A C E.

WHEN I consider my own unworthiness, and inability to appear in the public character of an *Author*, I tremble at my presumption in presenting the following work to the perusal of the world. Yet, the approbation bestowed on my Religious Dialogues for Children, by all those under whose inspection they hitherto have fallen, emboldens me to hope, that the following sheets will not meet with a less favourable reception from the public. To make instruction be listened to with attention, it has for many ages been the opinion of all who have had any knowledge of the human mind, that its distasteful precepts, should be administered, as far as possible,

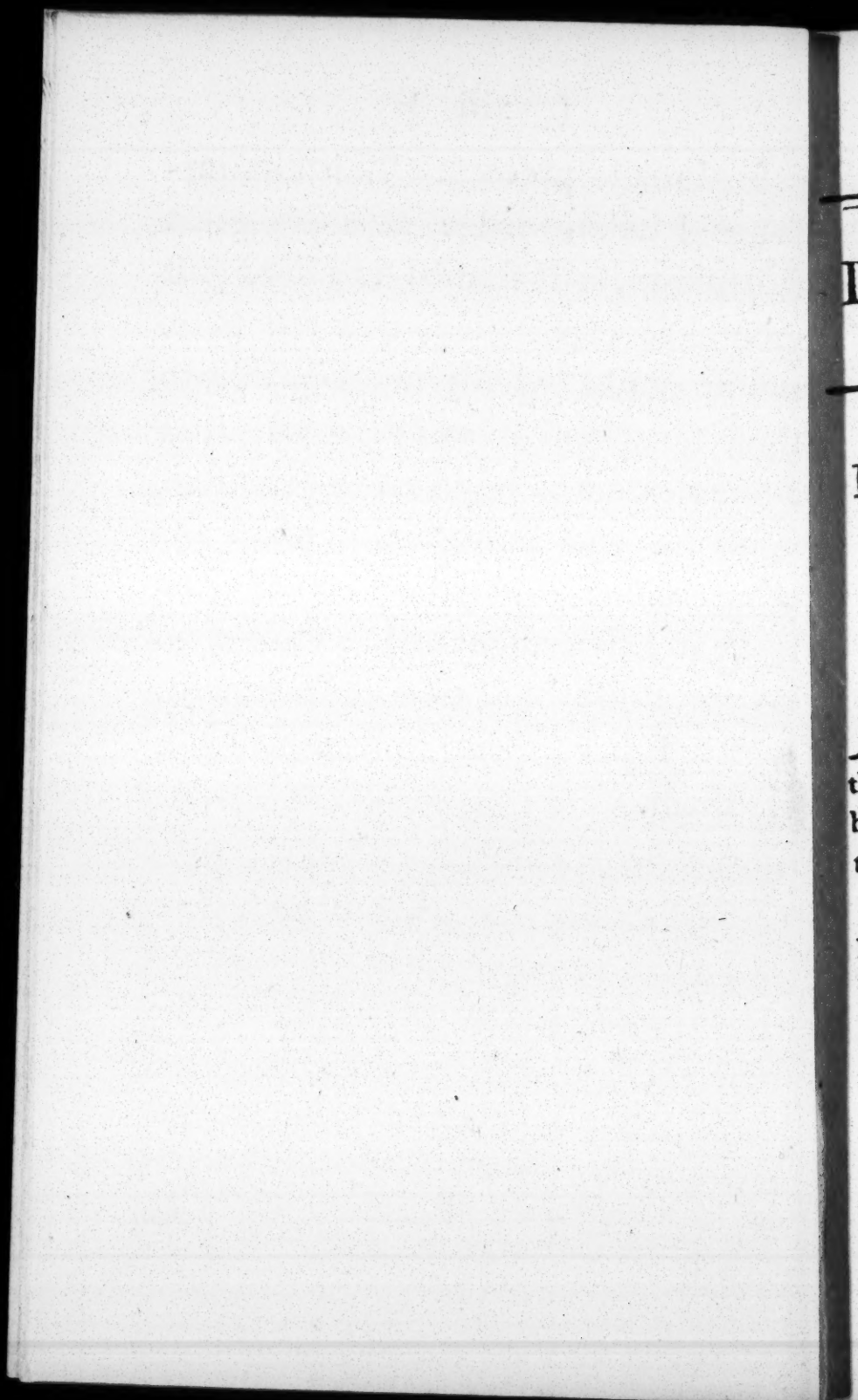
possible, in the vehicle of *amusement*. And to have the serious lessons of decorum captivate *young* minds, this method is more peculiarly necessary. But sorry am I to observe, that although so universally acknowledged as the readiest way to render instruction useful, it is too frequently forgotten. And of the vast number of books, written for the service of children, there are but few to be found, where *instruction* and *amusement* proceed hand in hand. Either the former engrosses the whole, and renders it too dry and unentertaining to be studied with much avidity, or the latter so much prevails, as to make it difficult to determine what possible advantage the young mind can have gained; or what one good principle, or useful maxim imbibed, to compensate for the loss of time (at that season

son of life, every moment of which is precious) squandered away in the perusal. Another thing much to be lamented, is, that almost the whole catalogue of entertaining books for children, turn chiefly upon subjects of *gallantry, love, and marriage*. Subjects, with which no prudent parents would wish to engross the attention of their children, of six, seven, eight, or even a dozen years of age. The following work, whatever its errors (and numbers I doubt not it has,) is however perfectly free from any of that kind. The incidents related, although they may in themselves be esteemed *trifling* by persons of *mature* judgment; yet, I flatter myself, are sufficiently interesting to engage the attention of those for whom they were designed, at the same time that they are of a nature which may be supposed

supposed to pass within the knowledge of every child ; and the reflections drawn from them, are such, as I will be bold to say, will *not corrupt* the heart. On the contrary, I even presume to hope may be productive of real, and lasting good ; as frequently the heart will endeavour to improve itself, from a view of its errors obliquely discovered in the character of a third person ; when perhaps, *displeasure* and *pride* might arise and check the influence of more direct *personal* admonition. That the following Letters and Dialogues will at least afford *innocent amusement*, I have great reason to expect, from the pleased attention, which was paid by two or three children who were accidentally present, when I first read the copy to some friends ; and who, when I had concluded, eagerly desired

desired me to proceed. This circumstance I acknowledge gave me great satisfaction, as it seemed to afford just ground of expectation, that the book might not be wholly unacceptable to those for whom it was designed. And as amusement is requisite to give fresh vigor to, and prepare the mind for more serious employment ; so if *innocently* it answers that end, I shall in no degree think the time misbestowed, which I have spent in composing it for them.

The AUTHOR.



Dialogues, Letters, &c.

D I A L O G U E I.

MAMMA and HARRIOT.

MAMMA.

AND you are really going to leave me for a whole month, *Harriot*? What do you think I shall do without you? You have never been so long from me in all your life. Do you like to leave me?

HARRIOT, No, Ma'am, I do not like to leave you at all; but I do want to go with my aunt: I wish you could come with us: if we could but all live together, how happy we should be! Should not you like it, Ma'am?

MAMMA. Indeed, my dear, I should much like to see more of all our friends than I can; but as for all living together, that would be impossible. If all your uncles, and aunts, and all their children, and and both your grandpapas and grandmamas, and

B. 2

your

your favourite Mrs. *Wood* and her children, and your friend Miss *Right*, and every body you love, were to live together, we should require a house larger than any you ever saw ; and we should be in such a continual noise and confusion, that we should not be able to enjoy our friends company half so much as we do now, when they come to see us separately, and not in so very numerous a party.

HARRIOT. But then, should not you like to have them all live near you, so that you might go and see them as frequently as you pleased ?

MAMMA. Yes, *that* I should like exceedingly, and if it was allowable to form our own happiness, I don't know any scheme that would make me so blessed : that is, I mean there is nothing the prospect of which appears so likely to afford me happiness. But, my dear girl, this world, you know, I have frequently told, you is not a state in which we are to expect to find felicity ; and let us search for it ever so diligently, and pursue every inclination which we think would make us blessed, still we may be very sure, that was it possible to obtain every wish of our hearts, there would constantly arise something or other which we did not foresee, sufficient to overthrow all our schemes, and still prevent our finding compleat happiness upon earth. It therefore is very silly for people to wish eagerly after any state of life it has not pleased God to place them in. All-wise as he is, God certainly knows much better than we do ourselves

what

what is fit for us : and all-good and merciful as he is, we may depend upon it that he will always do that which is *propereſt* and *beſt* for us. Our duty therefore, inſtead of forming and wiſhing for different ſchemes of life to take place, is to endeavour at all times, and in all circumſtances, to be perfectly content; and being perfectly content, we ſhall enjoy as much happineſs, as it is poſſible in this preſent life we can do. I agree with you, that I ſhould much like to have all my friends live nearer me than they do ; but was I to wiſh for it ever ſo much, that would not make them the nearer, and only render me unhappy ; for a perſon who is in a ſtate of *wiſhing* and *fretting* becauſe things are not as they like, can never feel in any degree comfortable ; whereas, now, though I cannot ſee them ſo often as I could wiſh, I am very thankful to enjoy their company ſo frequently as I do. Your aunt has now been with me a week, I ſhould *like* ſhe ſhould ſtill ſtay with, and not leave me ; but as that cannot be, I muſt be contented and pleaſed with the expectation of ſeeing her in a month's time, when I intend to fetch you home.

HARRIOT. I wiſh I could learn to be more contented, Ma'am, for I am very frequently wiſhing for many things I have not, and to do many things I am not able ; but I hope as I grow older, I ſhall grow wiſer and better : I will try to do ſo, and that, you ſay, is the right way.

MAMMA. Certainly it is, my dear. Without our own endeavours, the utmost care and assiduity of others will be of no service to us : it will be to no purpose for us to listen to the instruction of people wiser than ourselves, or to spend our time perusing books of knowledge, unless we earnestly try, and take constant pains with our own hearts, and daily endeavour to advance in goodness as well as wisdom. Without the help and assistance of the Almighty, we can never by our own strength alone, conquer the evil and foolish inclinations of our minds, but his assistance he will never fail to bestow on all those, who endeavour to deserve it, by striving at all times to do the best they possibly can, and who earnestly beg him to bless and assist their well meant endeavours, to attain to greater perfection in virtue.

HARRIOT. Yes, Ma'am, you have told me a great many times, that I never shall be a good woman, if I do not every day try to keep myself good, and strive to profit by those instructions which are given me. I wish I could always remember all you tell me ; but the worst of it is, I am apt to forget all the wise lessons you tell me. When I am at my aunt's I intend to write to you, and I hope you will write to me ; and in your letters you know, Ma'am, you could give me good advice, and I shall keep them, and then I shall always be able to read it over again, if I should forget ; so pray, my dear Mamma, don't neglect to write me nice long letters, as long as those you send to my Papa, when he is not at home.

MAMMA.

MAMMA. Well! I certainly will not omit writing to you; and you my dear daughter, must not neglect to write to me, and tell me all the news, and give me an account how you spend your time, who comes to see you, and where you go, for I shall much want to know what you do with yourself when you are so far distant from me. There, your aunt calls you, my love, go, run to her, make haste.

LETTER I.

L E T T E R I.

From Mrs. SEAMORE to Miss SEAMORE.

ALMOST an whole week has my dear girl been absent from me, and not found time to send me one line. You cannot think how much disappointed I have been. I expected to have had a letter from you at least last *Thursday*, and as I never yet have received one of your writing, you cannot imagine how much I think of it : every time any body knocks at the door, I directly think, and say to myself, “ *Here comes a letter from my Harriot.*” But I have so often been disappointed, that I almost give over all thoughts of receiving one, till after you have read this, to remind you of our agreement ; and if you remember, *you* was to write first ; but if I stay till you begin, I fear we shall not have time for many letters to pass between us, before your visit will be concluded. You forget that I desired an account of your time during your absence from home.

I am sorry you have been so negligent in fulfilling your promise ; but *your* not keeping your word, will not excuse *my* doing the same ; for one person being guilty of a fault, can in no instance vindicate the like error in another. Without therefore any
farther

farther reproaches for your omission, I will directly begin to inform you what we have all done with ourselves since you left us on *Tuesday*. *Wednesday* we staid at home all day, nor did the rain cease long enough for us to take our usual walk. *Betsy* was very melancholy upon account of your absence. I could not persuade her to play at all, not even with her brother *Tom* ; but as she could not have you to play with, she said, she had rather sit still and work ; which she did very diligently, till she had finished her pocket ; and then, when she had made it up, she fetched down your doll and tied it on. “ There, (said she, kissing it at the same time) you *shall* have a new pocket though your mamma has left you : I did not intend it for you, but my child has got me with her, to please her : but you, poor thing, are without your mamma.” As she said these words the tears came into her eyes ; but as they flowed from her sincere love to you, I was not displeased at seeing them. On the contrary, my heart felt rejoiced, and I was thankful to Heaven for giving me such good children, who are always so kind to, and fond of each other. I told her she was a good girl to give your doll the pocket, and answered for your being much obliged to her for it. I think after receiving this information of her kindness, it would be very pretty for you to write her a letter, and thank her. I am sure she would much value one from you. On
Thursday

Thursday we drank tea with Mrs. *Hutchins*, who was extremely obliging, and took great pains to amuse and entertain your sister. Mrs. *Hutchins* shewed us a sampler she worked when she was a girl at school. You would be surpris'd to see what a prodigious quantity of work there is in it, and hurt, I dare say, to think how much time must have been spent upon it, which might have been infinitely more profitably employed : for I know not any one use the sampler is, or ever has been of, excepting that of teaching her to mark ; and for that purpose the one you worked, with both the alphabets in it, did equally well. Mrs. *Hutchins's* contains not only the alphabets, but strawberry-rows, and rose-buds out of number ; besides which, there is a shepherd and shepherdess sitting under a large tree watching their flock, which consists of twelve sheep and four goats, (for I counted them) and then at the bottom of all, is worked the ten commandments. Miss *Hutchins* is working a screen at present, which I think appears to me much more useful labor than her mother's sampler. It is worked in the form of the map of *England* : the different counties done with different coloured silk, and in the middle of each the name of the county. So she is not only doing what will be of some use by being made into a handsome screen, but at the same time learning very perfectly the shape of the counties, in what manner they join each other, and

and their different situations : a very necessary piece of knowledge for every English woman to be perfectly acquainted with. I think in a little while you will like to work such a one ; and so perhaps will your sister ; and I am sure your papa and I shall much like to have our screens adorned with our dear girl's performances. The paper begins to look a little shabby, and by the time you have both compleated such a task, it will be quite ready for a new cover. *Friday*, Mrs. *North* and her little boy came to see us ; it was a long time before we could persuade him and *Tom* to take any notice of one another, except staring in each other's faces : to be sure their youth in some degree excused such unpoliteness ; but even in them it looked very unpleasing : it is an odd thing, nor can I account for the reason of childrens so often behaving ungracefully : if it was only such little ones as they are, it would not much signify ; but I am sorry to say, I too frequently observe it, in those who are quite old enough to know how exceedingly ugly and ungenteel it is. If I mistake not, even my *Harriot* was guilty of many breaches in politeness the last time she went to see Mrs. *Bird*. Don't you recollect it ? Don't you remember in what an awkward manner you first spoke to Miss *Bird* ? How you held your head on one shoulder, played with your fingers, and in so low a voice you could scarcely be heard, said, " How
do

do you do Miss ?" I don't know whether you have forgot it ; but I am sure I have not. I absolutely felt myself blush for you, and was quite ashamed of my daughter's foolish appearance. But I was still more ashamed, if possible, a little while afterwards, when I beheld her sneeze without putting her hand before her mouth, speak in the midst of a great gape, and loll with both elbows on the table, staring up in Mrs. *Bird's* face. Such instances of unpoliteness, I beg I may never again be witness to in you, whatever I may be obliged to behold in others : for you cannot imagine how exceedingly displeasing such rudeness and inattention is ; nor can you think, how much the contrary behaviour of politeness and civility, makes people fond of, and admire you. On *Saturday*, we staid at home. Your dancing master did not come till the afternoon : he was much concerned not to find you in the way, and your sister was at a sad loss for a partner. Mr. *Foot* hopes you remember to hold up your head, turn out your toes, and that you do not forget to make an handsome curtesy when you go in or out of a room, and when you either give or receive any thing. I am sure I hope so too ; for I shall be very sorry not to have you behave yourself well, and like a young lady. Remember, my dear girl, the great pains which hath been taken with you ; but if you will not also use your own endeavours, all the trouble

ble and expence we have put ourselves to, might as well have been spared. We can but *tell* you what is right and proper to be done ; but if you will not observe our directions, it is impossible ever to make you either good, or agreeable. That must depend upon yourself, and I trust you have sense enough to see the obligations you lie under to all your friends, and the necessity of striving to comply, to the utmost of your power, with every thing they advise for your good. *Sunday*, we spent as usual, in going to church, and reading our books. I met with an exceeding pretty story, which some time or other I will shew you, as I think it will both entertain and improve you. And now having given you an account of each day's transactions to the present time, I shall take my leave of you. Your papa joins with me in love to your aunt. Your sister desires I will not forget to give her's to you ; and your brother begs I will tell you, that when he is a tall man, as tall as his papa, he will write you a long letter. Your mamma, I think, seems to have done that already, and scarcely left room to tell you with how much sincerity she is,

Your Affectionate Mother,

MARY SEAMORE.

L E T T E R II.

To Mrs. SEAMORE.

HONORED MADAM,

I Never wrote a letter before, so I don't know how to begin; but my aunt says, I should say Honored Madam, when I begin a letter to you. I think if I had once got into the middle of my letter, I could go on then, but I don't know how to begin, or what to say next. O! the next thing I say, shall be, thank ye Ma'am, for your nice long letter; indeed I am much obliged to you for it, and I am very sorry you should think I broke my word about not writing to you sooner; but I did not understand that I was to write first, so I was waiting all the time for a letter from you, and then I intended to answer it. Indeed I much wondered I had not one sooner; but I did not know you was expecting to hear from me, or I am sure I would not have been so long, for I do love you very much indeed, Ma'am, and would not for ever so much, disappoint or make you uneasy: but pray, Mamma, don't be angry that I

did

did not write sooner, I will another time. I should be obliged to you, if you would tell Mr. *Foot* that I do not forget to hold up my head, and make curtesies. My aunt says, I have been a very good girl ever since I came; and I am sure she has been very kind to me, and taken me out with her three times, and given me a new set of tea-things. I wish my sister was here to play with them. Pray thank her for the pocket; but you need not do that, now I think of it, for I will write to her, and thank her myself. I have got a great many things to talk to you about, but I don't know how to write them all in a letter: but I must tell you, that one day we went to Mrs. *Blunt's*; and there are three Miss *Blunts*, two about as big as I am, and one less than my brother. I am sure, Mamma, if you blushed about my behaviour at Mrs. *Bird's*, you would not have known what to have done, had you seen Miss *Blunt's*: they do *so* poke their heads you cannot think, and when they set upon a chair, their feet do not touch the ground; and instead of turning out their toes, and keeping them still, they keep kicking them backwards and forwards all the time, and making such a noise with their heels against the legs of the chair, that you would be quite surpris'd; and when either their papa, or mamma, or my aunt spoke to them, they never said Ma'am,

or Sir : but only *yes* or *no* : and they did not say that prettily either, but drawled it out *so* disagreeably ; and if they did not hear what was said, instead of enquiring, as they should, they said, *what* ! Or else, *hay* ! And they picked their noses, and let their hands hang down by their sides, or held the top of their stays, and the eldest scratched her head ; altogether they did behave odder than any thing you ever saw ; I wish you had been there, I am sure they would have made you laugh, as much as they did me, and I call them the Miss *What-hays*, because they say *what* and *hay* so often. Their mamma does not hold up her head well herself, and she never once spoke to them to behave better. Pray don't you think that was very odd ? I have seen very strange things, for another house I went to, there was a rod over the chimney ; I thought it looked as if the people were very cross, and so indeed they were ; for at tea when the little boy said he had more water to his milk than he liked, his mamma took down the rod, and beat his hands, and said she would not have him find fault with his victuals, if he did he should go without any ; so she took it away, and sent him out of the room ; he did not come in any more. So I was very glad when we came away, for I did not like her a bit. O dear ! I have a great many more things to write, but my aunt says, I must leave off now, or my letter will be too late for the post-man to carry

carry it to you. I will begin another letter as soon as you send me one to answer, and now I will write to my sister.

I am,

Honored Madam,

Your Dutiful Daughter,

HARRIOT SEAMORE.

L E T T E R I I I .

TO MISS BETSEY SEAMORE.

DEAR SISTER,

YOU cannot think how very much obliged to you I am for the pocket you was so obliging as to give my doll, and the notice you are so kind as to take of her. I wish you was here with me, for I want to see you, and talk to you sadly. I enjoy being here very much, and should like to stay here always, if I could have all you who are at home, with me too; but I should not chuse to live long without seeing you. My aunt has given me some new tea-things: they are the prettiest I ever saw: they are blue and white flowered: there are a whole dozen of cups and saucers, and half a dozen coffee cups; besides a tea-pot, milk-pot,

sugar-dish, sloop-bason, cannister, and a brown coffee-pot. I wish you could see them now ; but I shall bring them home with me, so it will not be long before you do. I suppose you have read the letter I wrote to my mamma, about Miss *Blunts*. You never saw such strange girls in your life. O ! how Mr. *Foot* would hurt their shoulders and chins with his thumbs, if he taught them to dance. I wish *Betsy* you could write to me ! I should like to have a letter from you very much ! Do ask Mr. *Quill* to let you go into joining hand, and write to me ! My aunt made me leave off my letter to my mamma, in such a hurry, that I forgot to desire my duty to my papa ; and my aunt says, I should always do that, so don't you forget to give it to papa and mamma both this time, and my love to *Tom*. My aunt desires her love to all of you she says, and begs you will not forget to feed her bird ; and pray give my love to my child, and tell her I shall soon return to her. I hope she is good, and does not give you any trouble,

I am,

Dear Betsy,

Your Affectionate Sister,

HARRIOT SEAMORE.

L E T T E R I V .

To Miss SEAMORE.

THANK you, my dear girl, for your letter, which I assure you I value very highly, and have locked it up as a great rarity, after having read it over a dozen times at least. Considering it was the first you have ever written, I think it is a very good performance, and I don't doubt but from a little more practice, you will be able to write very fluently ; and without any trouble to yourself, get into a way of being able to proceed, without so many observations upon the difficulty of knowing what to say next. You will consider the subject you are going to enter upon, and then proceed to write it, in the same manner as if you was relating it in conversation. This you will find become easy to you by a little practice, and then I will answer for it, that writing to your absent friends, you will esteem one of your most rational amusements ; but you must always be careful and pay due attention to the *manner* of your writing, as well as the *matter* ; otherways your hand will soon be totally spoiled, and you must never be permitted to write, except when Mr. *Quill* is with you. I am very glad you remember Mr. *Foot's* instructions.

instructions. I beg you will attend to those little graces, which I have so often endeavoured to cultivate. You may see how necessary they are to render you agreeable, by the displeasing behaviour of the Miss *Blunts* you mention; but, my love, though I would have you observe the manners of others, and see what actions are becoming, and what are ungenteel; I would by no means have you get into a habit of *laughing* at, or *despising* those, who perhaps have never been taught to behave better. When such awkward people are before you, you should observe how disagreeable their actions and manners are; and with greater caution watch yourself, that you commit not the same errors. But on no account mock them, or think of calling them nick-names for their want of politeness; for that is as great unpoliteness as you can be guilty of. Besides, it is really wicked. Perhaps they may be formed with round shoulders, and not able to hold their heads up. But if they are not, may be they have never been taught; and then it is not their *fault*, but their *misfortune*. You observed that Mrs. *Blunt* never spoke to her daughters all the time you was there. I confess I think that was very wrong of her; but if that is the case, how should they know they do wrong, unless she tells them when they are to blame. Instead therefore of *laughing* at them, you should *pity* them. and be very thankful that *your* mamma and friends
take

take more pains with *you* ; for it is not owing to your being any ways more graceful in yourself, but to the greater care and attention that you have had bestowed upon you, which makes you in any degree appear better than they do. And this, my dear, should make you always greatly obliged to any body who tells you how to behave yourself : and you should not call it *teazing* you, as you did one day when you was repeatedly told to hold up your head ; because you rendered such repetitions necessary from not minding the first time. You know it is entirely for your *own* sake that your friends wish to see you genteel and pleasing : *your* being otherways, will not make *them* less beloved ; but it will make *you* disregarded and disliked : you should therefore esteem it an act of the greatest kindness they can possibly shew towards you, and prove your gratitude for their sollicitude for you, by endeavouring as much as possible to conform to, and comply with their directions. Many children there are, silly enough to be displeased with those good friends, who contradict any of their foolish desires, or find fault with their conduct. Amongst this sort, was Mrs. *Bluster* when she was young. She was naturally of a rude behaviour, and not of a good-humoured disposition : her papa and mamma were both very fond of her ; but too wise not to see her errors, and too good themselves not to wish to see their child so likewise.

wife. Accordingly, they took all the pains they could to make her so; but she very perversely resolved never to mend by their advice, but always fancied she knew as well as her parents, and only thought them cross and ill-natured for finding so much fault, and making such a *fuss* (as she very illiberally called it) about every trifle. If she stooped her head, and they desired her to hold it up better; instead of complying with their commands, she only gave it a sudden toss, looked fullen, and let it fall into the same awkward position again. When she came into the room and banged the door after her, her mamma very kindly desired her to take care and shut it rather more gentle, and not make such a noise, as it was exceeding ungentle, for young ladies to behave so; but Miss *Flout* (for that was her name before she was married) paid no other regard to what was said, except putting herself out of humour, setting sulky after she had been told of any error in her conduct, and instead of striving to rectify it, would be sure to do worse the next time. I remember one day I went to play with her when she had got a cough and a cold; which, instead of letting be as little troublesome as she could, she made all the noise with that was possible. Her mamma kindly told her to endeavour not to sneeze and cough so loud; but put her handkerchief before her mouth, and try to stop it: instead of which, she redoubled her
noise,

noise, and found it necessary to blow her nose ten times oftener than before. I was but very young at the time ; but old enough to observe how very disagreeable, as well as really naughty such conduct was. When we went up stairs to play, I freely told her my thoughts, and asked her how she could behave so, and do the very things her mamma bid her not. “ Pough ! said she, laughing, I should have enough to do to mind all my mamma says to me ! I shan’t do that indeed ! I warrant you I know how to behave without being taught ! ” Now could there be a more ridiculous way of arguing ? But ridiculous as it was, it was the method she thought proper to pursue, and accordingly at this very day, she behaves as if she had never been taught any thing, and is one of the most disagreeable women I ever knew : without any of that *politeness* and *civility*, so necessary to render a person pleasing in the eyes of others, and without any of that *good-humour*, necessary to make us either useful or beloved by our fellow creatures, or happy and contented with ourselves : for however people may pretend to disregard the esteem of the world, yet certain it is, that no one can so misbehave themselves as to lose it’s favour, and at the same time enjoy any tolerable degree of happiness and satisfaction in their own hearts. Conscience, which the Almighty has placed within us, to inform us when we do well, or ill, will forever
be

be reproaching them for their crimes, and pain them so severely, as to render it impossible for them to be happy and comfortable, however they may seem to be blessed and surrounded with pleasures. It is therefore at all times, my dear child, absolutely necessary (if we would wish to be in any degree happy and chearful while we live) to keep our hearts free from the reproach of conscience. That is, we must at all times, do what we think to be *right*. At present, in those things of which you are too young to form judgment for yourself, you must follow the advice of your parents, and those kind friends who are older and wiser than yourself; not foolishly disregarding their counsel as Mrs. *Bluffer* did; but carefully following their directions, till you come to be of age sufficient to judge for, and conduct yourself; and in those things which you do understand, you must constantly, in every circumstance, however disagreeable or inconvenient it may be to you, do that which you think is right and best to be done. Thus will you be a good child, gain the love of all your friends, become a good woman, an useful member of society, be happy and comfortable to yourself, but above all and what is of infinitely more advantage, you will ensure the favour and approbation of your God, who will not fail to reward you after death in his kingdom, with far greater blessings and pleasures than we can in our present state form any idea of.

Your

Your grandmamma has just sent me word that she will be with me in a quarter of an hour. I must therefore put a more speedy conclusion to this letter than I intended ; nor have I time to say much upon the subject of the rod you saw at the lady's house, as I proposed. I agree with you, that I think it a very ugly ornament to be over the chimney ; such instruments of punishment I think should always be concealed, as they must ever be a very disagreeable sight, to any body who considers the dreadful effect of naughtiness, the only occasions upon which they can be of any use : it certainly therefore is wrong to expose them to public view. *How* naughty the little boy was, whom you saw turned out of the room, I cannot say ; but, I suppose his mamma would not have corrected him so severely, if he had not deserved it ; and undoubtedly it is a very foolish habit for people to get into, of finding fault with their viſuals. I will give you an instance how unhappy it makes people, some other time when I have more leisure ; but I must now leave you, as your grandmamm's chariot is already come. Write to me, my dear girl, and tell me all you would, if you were with me : if it is too much for one letter, begin another, without waiting for an answer from me ; you know I have many employments.

Believe me, most sincerely,

Your affectionate Mother,

D

M. SEAMORE.

L E T T E R V.

To Mrs. SEAMORE.

HONORED MADAM,

I WISH I might begin Dear Mamma, for I like that much better ; for you are my Dear Mamma, and I love you dearly. I have not a great deal to say to you this time, for my aunt has had a bad cold, and so have I too ; so we have not been out at all this week, neither has any body been to see us, so we have only read and worked of a morning, and read, and worked, and talked, and played of an evening. I forget what it was I was going to tell you last time I wrote. I wish I had began another letter to you sooner. My aunt indeed did advise me to do so ; but I was a little like Mrs. *Bluster*, when she was a girl, and did not mind her, because I thought I knew best, and that nobody did send two letters before they had received an answer to the first ; but she has convinced me that was not necessary, and now I wish I had followed her advice sooner, and wrote before I had forgot what I wanted to say. I do generally find, I own, that if I do not act as my older friends advise me, that I am sorry for it afterwards ; and then I think I will never be so foolish

foolish again, but always do as they bid me, whether I think it right or not ; for I acknowledge they know best, and only tell me what to do for my good, as your letter says.

What pretty letters you do write, Ma'am ! I wish I could write like them ! Do you think I shall when I am older ? Pray send me a great many more, for I like them very much indeed. I am going to make a book of them ; my aunt has given me the back of an old book, and she has been so kind as to sew the two you have sent me into it, and so we shall all you write : so pray make haste and send me some more, and inform me a little about what Conscience is ; and pray don't forget to tell me the instance you mentioned of peoples being unhappy who find fault with their dinners. You left off, Ma'am, in such a hurry when my grandmamma came, that you did not mention a word about my papa and my brother and sister ; in your next letter I hope you will be so kind as to say something about them. Pray give my duty to my papa, and love to my sister, and tell *Tom* I have got a very nice cart for him, which my aunt has made of pasteboard.

I am,

Honoured Madam,

Your much obliged and dutiful daughter,

HARRIOT SEAMORE.

 L E T T E R VI.

Mrs. SEAMORE to Miss SEAMORE.

AND so my Love, you think you should much better like to begin your letters Dear Mamma, than Honored Madam, because I *am* your Dear Mamma: that I am at all times; but it would sound very droll, if instead of saying, Yes, Ma'am; or, No, Ma'am, you was to say, Yes, my dear Mamma, or, No, my dear Mamma; nor would such tender epithets in the least degree more convince me of your regard and affection, than the politer one of Madam. As for the beginning of your letters, I have no other desire for you to say Honored Madam, than any way you like better; only that I would wish you, upon every occasion, to accustom yourself to do things in a *proper* manner; and as that is the address customary in our country, when writing to parents, or masters and mistresses, I think you had better continue it; or else, in regard to myself, I should value your letters just as much if they began in any other form. Without having seen more of the world than at your time of life it is possible to have done, you cannot imagine the prodigious advantage, resulting, upon every occasion, from pursuing the best method

thod, and moving with some uniform regularity ; in trifles I mean, as well as in more important occurrences of life. To give you an example of this, which has already fallen within your own knowledge ; only recollect the difference in the appearance, both in person and manner, between Mrs. *Newton* and Mrs. *ROKELEFS*. Mrs. *Newton*, without any appearance of formality or trouble, always looks elegant and tidy ; you never see her with her gown loosely pinned, because it is but a *trifle* whether she puts more or fewer pins in her cloaths ; nor does she go for days together with the seams of her gloves unsewed, or the lace of her cloak or apron torn ; but the moment she discovers any of those trifling blemishes, she instantly rectifies them. If they are but *trifles* they will not require much time or pains to mend ; and if they are material, it is the more absolutely necessary they should be stopt before they become irreparable. If she wants a pin some silk, thread, tape, ribbon, books, pen, ink, or paper, she is at no trouble where to find them ; her hufwife and pincushion, which are ever in her pocket, supply her with the first articles ; and all others throughout her house are in such order, that she instantly knows where to find them. Now, though this regularity may by some silly girls be esteemed as *trifling*, and of no consequence ; yet it really is of much more than people at first imagine ; as you may be convinced by the very different method, or rather

ther want of method in Mrs. Yokeless. Her cloaths
 are always as handsome, and good of their sort,
 as Mrs. Newton's, and yet she scarcely ever looks
 dressed reputable: her gown sets loose and flattern-
 ly, because it was not worth while taking more
 pains to pin it smooth: her hair looks dishevelled
 and blowy for the same silly reason: her gloves
 are seldom without letting her fingers appear through
 their seam-rips; nor is it at all uncommon to see holes
 in her aprons, and other linen, which she has per-
 mitted to be washed; because they were but trifling
 ones, and not worth mending before. Pincushion,
 scissors, knife, needles, or thread, she must hunt the
 house over for, before she can find, as they have
 no one place for containing them all together;
 and she never thinks of putting them into her
 pocket: when at work, she lays down her needle
 and thimble she knows not where, and disturbs the
 company repeatedly, to look for what she so thought-
 lessly misplaced; and I do assure you, I have attend-
 ed her dressing several times, when in a violent hurry,
 and she has been obliged to spend much of her time,
 tumbling over every band-box and drawer she was
 mistress of, to look for her ruffles, sleeve-bows, or
 some part or other of her dress; which she no more
 knew in what corner to look for, than the cat.
 And all these kind of things she takes no thought
 about, because they are but trifles. And trifles
 indeed they are, in comparison of notorious sins;
 but

but they are not so in regard to their appearance, behaviour, and expence. One day when I was with her, she desired me to give her the direction to my mantua-maker. I begged the favor of a pen and ink, to write it down for her, lest it should slip her memory; but by the time the stand-dish and paper was looking for, you would have imagined she never had any occasion to use them in her life. The whole family were enquired of; the whole house was searched to find them: but they were not to be found. At last after I had written the direction with my pencil, upon a piece of paper I had in my pocket, on taking down a pair of shoes to shew to me which she was embroidering, and which she had thrown upon the top of a chest of drawers, down came the ink-stand with the work, and totally spoiled the gown she had on, one of the seats of the chairs, stained the floor, and broke it into ten thousand pieces. And by such kind of mischances in several instances, she evidently proved that it was no such mere *trifle*, to be devoid of all regularity and order. Of this kind of carelessness, I much fear Miss *Polly Franks* will be guilty when she is grown up; at least she seems at present to allow herself to act as if she would. I drank tea with her mamma last *Friday*; and I thought Miss *Polly* discovered several instances of the negligence I am speaking of: the first was upon my asking her to favor me with a sight of the new book of geography

graphy, which I had heard she was reading. She very good naturedly said she would reach it down, and accordingly went to the book-case to look for it; but the book was not there. She then searched in all the window-seats; but it was not in them to be found; no, nor in any of the chambers. As last she recollected she had it in the garden one day. The servant was dispatched for it, and brought it in, in a most wretched condition indeed: it had been blown open upon the ground, and sopped through with the rain, and torn by the little dog, so that the poor book was spoiled, and rendered illegible. I took the liberty of observing, it was a pity she had not taken a little more care of it, and put it in the book-case when she last read it, as she would then have known where to have found it; "Yes, Ma'am, (said she) so it is, but I did not think of it." When she was at tea she spilled a whole cup down her coat, and greased it (as you know milk does grease) from top to bottom. "Oh (said she) I have spoiled my coat, but I cannot help it, we must not mind *trifles*!" Certainly, my dear, said I, it is extremely wrong to make ourselves uneasy upon trifling accidents which we cannot avoid; but I think we should not accustom ourselves to a careless habit of doing things, because *trifles* do not signify. By permitting ourselves to disregard and pay no attention to our daily common actions, we may continually

expose

expose ourselves to real inconveniences, which we may much wish to remedy when it is too late. Very true, Ma'am, said she smiling. I believe she is a good-natured girl ! But it is a great pity she should so neglect herself, for she loses all those advantages she might acquire from the pains that have been taken with her, and the expence her parents have put themselves to upon her account. After tea she was going to shew me a purse she was netting, but that could not be found, though she emptied her work bag to seek for it. I am sure you would have been surpris'd to have seen its contents : there was not only a great number of different pieces of work ; but shells, stones, a broken fan, pictures, a pair of gloves, a doll's stove, tongs, and poker, two apples, and a good many raisins without any paper or box to put them in : such a collection for a work-bag I never before beheld. I asked her if she did not think the raisins made her work dirty and sticky, and spoiled her needles ? She said it did not signify, she did not mind that, the work there was of *no consequence*. She was not my little girl, so I said no more about it ; but I think that is a very silly way of talking ; every thing is of *some* consequence, though certainly not all of equal importance : yet, there is a right and wrong method of doing *every* thing ; and just as easy is it for people to accustom themselves to the best, as the worst manner of acting : nor does it
in

in the end give them half the trouble. Perhaps it might have taken Miss *Polly* a few moments more to have put the book or netting in their right places at first ; but I am sure it would not *half* the time she afterwards spent looking for them ; and would have been spared the mortification of having the book quite spoiled, and the netting lost, as she said it was. I would on no account wish you to be so precise, as to feel unhappy, if necessarily prevented moving on, in your accustomed regularity ; but I would most warmly recommend an habitual neatness, and constant endeavour to perform *every* action, how minute soever it may be, in the best, as well as most graceful manner. This daily endeavour to reach perfection, is the only way to obtain any tolerable degree of it. Never therefore esteem any thing as an *hardship* which is *right*, because it occasions a little more trouble, or occupies more of your time : your time was given you to improve, and never do you more answer that end, than by earnestly striving at all times to do what is *right* and *best*.

Believe me, my dearest Girl,

Your most affectionate Mother,

M. SEAMORE.

L E T T E R VII.

From Mrs. SEAMORE to Miss SEAMORE.

IRAN my last letter to such a length upon the subject of good and bad methods of acting in *trifling* occurrences, that I had not room to mention those subjects you desired might be the substance of it. Without therefore waiting for another from you, I am set down to make amends for my neglects and omissions; but before I proceed, I cannot help observing on the justness of your remark, and am much pleased to find you acknowledge, from your own experience, the folly of thinking yourself wiser than your aunt, or any of your older friends. In this one instance of refusing to write me two letters, before you had received one from me, you are already convinced of your error, in supposing that your aunt did not know best; and you may depend upon it, my dear girl, at all times, that whatever she, or any of us recommend to you, is always for your advantage, though the event should not so quickly discover it to be so, as in the present case it has done. There is nothing about which young people are so apt to be mistaken, as in supposing that
they

they know as well as their elders, what is proper and fit to be done; whereas, would they but consult their own reason, they must be instantly convinced of their error: for though they are very fond of thinking themselves as wise as their parents, yet they would be much offended if any body was to suppose their little brothers as wise as themselves. And well they might; for certain it is, a child of two or three years old, cannot know things so well as one of eight or nine: and if so *few* years make a difference in the understanding of people, what do you suppose that number must, which subsists between a child and its parents, who are always so many years older? Of this truth however you seem at present sensible, and I hope will therefore always recollect it, whenever your own vanity would prompt you to disregard the advice given you by your friends. You desire I will not forget to mention your papa, and brother, and sister. Your papa likewise desires I will not forget to give his love to you, and tell you that he wishes you were at home again; for he likes not to be deprived of your company: but whilst you continue good, he is always glad to afford you every pleasure and satisfaction in his power, though attended with disagreeable circumstances to himself. I dare say his kindness towards you, which he is constantly shewing, will have a proper effect upon you heart;
and

and not only make you truly fond of, and thankful to him for his goodness; but also inspire you with a desire of imitating his example, and being always ready to shew the like willingness to oblige all those, whom you at any time may have it in your power to confer any favour upon. Indeed, to pass through this world with any tolerable degree of comfort to ourselves, or to gain the love of our fellow creatures, it is absolutely necessary we should at all times make it our duty to *please*, and as much as we possibly can, *help* and *assist* each other. The great and good God who made us, designed that we should all be mutual comforts and supports to each other; and any body who by their ill-temper, or any other bad action, behaves so as to become a *trouble* and *uneasiness* to those with whom they are connected, instead of an *assistance* and *blessing*, is certainly guilty of a great crime; and must expect, unless they repent and amend, not only to lose the good-will of mankind, but also to forfeit the favor of the Lord. At present you are so good a girl, and take so much pleasure, in giving *pleasure* to others, that what I have said upon this subject, may not be to you requisite; but as you are making a book of my letters, I think I had better give you my advice upon every circumstance that comes into my mind, as necessary for your future practice; that so by reading them over

at your leisure, you may refresh your memory with what is needful for you to do, or what errors to avoid committing. Your sister is at this moment playing with a little kitten, which your grand-mamma brought her, and as it seems to entertain her during your absence, I am very glad she has. It appears as if it would be very fond of your sister, and follows her about: indeed I dare say it will, for those animals, though without reason and speech, have sense enough to know, and be fond of whoever uses them kindly and takes notice of them; and to treat them with carelessness and cruelty, discovers a very inhuman and bad disposition. Though we are permitted to use them for our convenience, and make them as serviceable to us as we can, consistent with gentleness; yet are we on no account to misuse and torment them: in such a case we degrade our nature below that of the brutes, and act more inconsistently *with* reason, than they do *without*; for they never commit any act of cruelty towards each other. True it is, that many of them kill such as are less than themselves, and of different species; but then they do it with no other design than that of assisting hunger. They do not beat, or pinch, and torment them, as I have sometimes seen naughty children do those animals that were in their power; but they kill them as soon as possible, and put them out of their pain. When the birds catch the flies and eat them, they
do

do it in an instant, without any sign of ill-nature or barbarity; and so indeed do all those birds and beasts that live upon what they can procure. By this therefore they shew no cruelty of heart, no wish to torment and give pain: and indeed if they were to do it, in *them* it would be no crime, as they have no reason and judgment to discern and consider what is right or wrong; but in rational creatures, who are blessed with sense and reflection, it is a dreadful crime, and one that must be very displeasing in the sight of that Being who made us, and all creatures upon the earth; and who wishes to see us promote each other's happiness and convenience. Animals having no souls to survive in another world, may without any crime be put to death, whenever it is necessary either for the food or convenience of man: but then they should be killed as quickly as possible, and in the manner that will cause them the least pain or misery: and though without a crime they may thus be killed, yet whilst living, they cannot be hurt or tormented, without a very great one indeed. Our kindness too, should extend to every insect however small and insignificant we may esteem them; and if ever it is, as it frequently happens, necessary to destroy them, we should do it as expeditiously as we can, considering that they are as sensible of pain as we are: and as we should not like to be hurt ourselves, so neither ought we to hurt

unnecessarily any thing else. You ask to be further informed of the nature of *conscience*. Although, my love, you may be ignorant when to apply the *name*, yet the *force* of it you must frequently have experienced. Conscience is *that* within our own hearts, which never fails to acquaint us when we do a wrong action: and though nobody in the world may see us, or find fault with us, still we are sensible of the error ourselves, and feel uncomfortable and unhappy: and that unhappiness arises from what is called the *consciousness* of guilt. Thus, for instance, if you were to eat butter, or sugar, or do any thing that you have been told not to do; though neither I, nor any one knew that you did it, still your *conscience* (your own heart) would inform you that you were *naughty*, and did not behave as you ought to have done; and you would feel unhappy to yourself, and be sensible that you deserved punishment, though you might happen to escape without receiving any. So again on the contrary, when you have behaved well, and acted according to what you thought right, *conscience* never fails to commend and reward you: that is, it *rewards* you, by making you feel *comfortable* and *happy*, more so, than even the praises of your friends, when you are sensible of not deserving them. Once, when I was a little girl, my mamma went out to dinner, and left me to play with my doll, desiring me on no account to

go near the fire ; but soon after she left me, I like a very naughty child indeed, instead of minding what she said to me, went and sat very near it, holding my doll close to the bars of the grate : her frock caught fire, and blazed up in a moment. When I saw the flame, and felt it hot to my fingers, I was very much frightened, and threw it down upon the hearth, where it was soon burnt to ashes : after I had thus foolishly lost my child, I began to think what account I should give to my mamma. I knew when she saw me without it, she would enquire where it was ; and likewise knew, that if I told her what was become of it, she would very justly be angry with me for going near the fire, after she had ordered me not. I was sensible I had been very naughty not to mind her, and could not tell what to do : at last I determined, as nobody I thought could detect me, to tell a story about it, and say I gave it away to a poor little girl who had no playthings at all, and wanted a doll sadly. After I had made up this fib in my own mind, I felt very uncomfortable all day, and had no inclination to play or be cheerful : however, I still very wickedly continued in my resolution to say so, and accordingly when my mamma came home, told her the story I had invented. She kissed me, and said I was a very good girl, to be so good-natured and part with my doll to a poor child who had not any play-things.

My papa too, and all my friends, commended me; but instead of feeling pleased and happy with their approbation, I was so wretched you cannot imagine. I was sensible all the time that I did not deserve their praises and love, and when I went to bed I could not help crying; and instead of going to sleep I could think of nothing but my own naughtiness, and how very much I deserved to be whipt, instead of commended by my papa and mamma. The next morning I could not eat my breakfast, nor bear to be looked at by any body, and neither talked or played as usual; but only sat behind my mamma's chair and cried: for indeed I was unhappy enough to have made any body cry. My mamma then took me in her lap, and tried to comfort me; for she thought I was not well, to cry, and look so dull, and not eat my breakfast; but the more she kissed me, the more sensibly I felt the reproach and anger of my *conscience*, which seemed to say, "O you naughty wicked girl, you don't deserve so good a mamma! If she knew how very naughty you are, she would not kiss and love you so!" At last I could bear it no longer; but confessed and told her the whole truth of the affair. You may be sure she was extremely concerned to find I had been so naughty; and she very strongly represented to me the great wickedness of telling lies, and endeavouring to deceive; and she certainly would have punished

me

me very severely, had it not appeared that I was so well convinced of my fault, and so *exceedingly* sorry for it: besides, as I at last told all the truth myself, she remitted my punishment, upon condition I never would tell another falsity; which I promised I would not; and can safely say, I never have since. She talked to me a great deal of the sin of doing those things which *conscience* disapproves, and begged I would always for the future attend to the dictates of it. That unhappiness you have now felt, my dear (said she) will always return upon the committing of any crime, and will *become* more and more importunate, the older you grow, and the more sins you commit: nor will the applause of the whole world afford you any happiness, unless your own *conscience* is at peace; as you may learn from the present instance, when neither the commendation of your papa or me, could make you easy, so long as you was yourself sensible of your guilt. Always therefore, my dear girl (continued she) before you commit any action of your life, consult your own heart whether it is *right* or *wrong*; if you will but consider for one minute, your *conscience* will constantly inform you. If it is *right* you will find no fear or danger in doing it; if *wrong*, you will feel an unhappiness and dread of being detected. *Conscience* (she went on) is placed within us by Almighty God, as a constant counsellor to keep us from sinning; if
we

we will follow its advice, we shall be good and happy ; if we will not do as it bids us, we shall be wicked and unhappy ; and however we may escape punishment here, certainly shall receive it in the world to come ; for the Lord sees our *every action*, hears our *every word*, knows our *every thought*, and will most undoubtedly *reward* or *punish* us accordingly. Such was the advice, my dear *Harriot*, my mother was so kind as to give me, and I hope therefore when it comes to you, thus *doubly* recommended by your granmamma and myself, it will not fail to have its proper influence on your conduct, and that you will endeavour, to remember

*T*HAT conscience *must your life direct,*
In every thing you do ;
Nor must you fail in one respect,
Her precepts to pursue.

Whate'er she dictates, with delight
And pleasure still obey ;
Her smiles shall yield soft rest at night,
And pleasure all the day.

Even if troubles should annoy,
And pain thy heart with grief ;
Still then she will diffuse a joy,
And give thy woes relief.

Her

*Her counsel then my child obey,
 Her precepts still attend ;
 Let conscience guide thee all the day,
 And be thy constant friend.*

M. S.

L E T T E R VIII.

MISS SEAMORE to MRS. SEAMORE.

HONORED MADAM,

I Am extremely obliged to you for the two nice long letters you have been so kind as to send me. I have read them over very frequently, and every time my aunt shews me something in them to observe, which I had overlooked before. She says I cannot read them too often, or be too well acquainted with them; no not if I even could say them by heart. I wish I could, but we make them into a book, and I shall read them very often. My gloves were sadly ragged yesterday, and so my aunt said, "*Harriot*, your gloves look as if they belonged to Mrs. *Yokelefs* !" I had not thought of mending them before; but I sat down and mended them directly; for I should not chuse to be like her at all. Don't you think, Ma'am, the ink-bottle served her right to break to-pieces, and spoil her gown and chair, for being put away so carelessly? I think it is a pity you gave her the
 direction

direction to the mantua-maker, before she had found the pen and ink : and then as she broke it, she could not have had it at all, and it would have been droll enough for her to go without the direction where to have her gown made, because she could not find the ink. Only think of Miss *Polly Frank's* work-bag ! Did not you laugh to see such an heap of rubbish ? Pray, in your next letter, tell me what you should have done with her if she had been your little girl. I like your last letter vastly indeed, and I understand what you mean by *conscience* very well. I did not rightly comprehend it before : as you say, I know now that I have a *conscience*, and I suppose it was *that* made me very uneasy one day, after I had cut some feathers off your muff, when you bid me not touch it ; and many times besides upon different occasions ; but I hope I shall not do so any more. I have learnt those verses by heart which you were so kind as to send me about *conscience*. I should be much obliged to you, if you would finish some more of your letters that way, for I like it much, and learn it a great deal quicker than I can prose.

The next time I write to you, I think I will begin my letter sooner, for I never have time to finish what I want to say. My aunt says I must now go and dress, so I must leave off, and

I am, my dear honored Madam,

Your Dutiful and Affectionate Daughter,

HARRIOT SEAMORE.

L E T T E R IX.

FROM MRS. SEAMORE TO MISS SEAMORE.

I Am greatly pleased, my dear *Harriet*, in finding that the time and pains I spend in writing to you, is not thrown away, or misemployed, and that my letters not only afford you *entertainment*; but what is still of more importance, *improvement* also. Believe me, my love, the first wish of my heart is to see my children *good*. That they may be so, is the unremitting labor of my life, and is also my constant prayer to that Being, who only can give a blessing to all our undertakings. Nor can I experience greater joy, than when I find you willing to listen to, and desirous of following the good advice given you by your friends. And amongst your friends, my child, there is no one who loves you with a greater fervor than myself; or who more studies to guide your heart to virtue. Of my affection towards you I dare say you have not a doubt. You will, therefore, I trust, receive my instructions in the way I design you should, *as given you for your good*: and will be thankful when I tell you of any faults in your conduct. No person upon earth is perfectly free from error; but at your time of life, my dear, mistakes are peculiarly

liarly apt to be made : not from any badness of heart ; but from want of judgement, and not having experienced their ill effects, and their consequences. Of one mistake in your judgement, which you discover in your last letter, I dare say you will be sensible, as soon as I shall point it out to your consideration. And that is, relating to Mrs. *Yokeless*. You say, you think it is a pity I gave her the direction she wanted, before she produced the pen and ink ; and then as she broke the ink-bottle, she would not have had it at all. But, my *Harriot*, let me ask you one question : Do not you think I should have been very cross, and disobliging not to have helped her to it, when I had paper and pencil in my pocket, and could write it without any trouble at all ? Surely I should ! And what excuse could I have had for being so ? Because she was careless, and misplaced her ink-stand ; was that any just reason for my being *ill-natured* ? You think she deserved to go without the direction, by way of *punishment*. Allowing that she did, who am *I*, or what right have *I* to inflict punishment upon her ? She had done *me* no harm : she lost her *own* paper, and standish ; and when she found it, she spoiled her *own* gown and chair. But she was very civil to *me*. Why then should *I* behave unkindly to *her*, even though she had gone totally unpunished ? But I should have thought it no small degree of punishment,

ment, to have spent half an hour as she did : looking for what I could not find, and at last so dirt my cloaths and furniture. In regard to what I should say to *Polly Franks* supposing she was my little girl, the case is very different. As I have already frequently told you, a child knows not the proper method of behaviour till instructed ; and it is the duty of parents, to teach their children what they should do, and what things to avoid. I should therefore think myself obliged to tell her, that such a careless manner of conducting herself was extremely blameable ; and if she would not alter, and amend by being *told* of her faults, I should then think it necessary to punish, and *make* her forfake them : because, was she my child, she would be committed to my care ; and I must be to answer for not having tried every method to make her all that was good. But those people who are not placed under our care, we have no sort of right, or authority to punish for their imprudence. Nor will *their misbehaviour* in any degree *excuse our ill-nature*, or neglect of them. If people rob us of our property, or use us so ill, that it becomes dangerous to suffer it, we may then appeal to proper magistrates, who are appointed to adjudge punishments to those, who destroy the good-order and peace of our lives. But we are never justifiable in taking the matter into our own hands, and trying to punish those who offend us, much

less those who have never injured us, and only be-
 have so as we disapprove. I dare say by this time I
 have convinced you, that you are much mistaken
 in thinking I should have acted better than I did,
 by refusing to give Mrs. *Yokeless* the direction,
 and that by so doing, I should only have proved
 my own ill-humor, for no one beneficial purpose.
 Indeed it would be difficult to shew any *good* pur-
 pose *ill-nature* ever tends to: on the contrary, it
 leads to numberless *bad* ones, and lays the founda-
 tion of much wretchedness and woe. I do not sup-
 pose there ever was an instance of a person, who
 permitted himself to be *ill-tempered* to others, that
 was happy. It is impossible he should be so. Peo-
 ple cannot feel comfortable, whilst every body a-
 bout them is uneasy, and disliking their company.
 And no one can like the society of those, who are
 morose and *bad-tempered*. Besides, they feel not
 less cross in their *own* hearts, than they appear to
 others. A person who is perpetually finding fault,
 and fretting because things are not as he would
wish them, can never enjoy peace and serenity of
 mind. I once knew a man of this terrible dispo-
 sition, who was continually complaining of the *wretch-*
edness of his life. And what wonder that he should
 be wretched, when he permitted the most trivial
 circumstances to discompose and put him out of
 humor. If his dinner was not ready the moment
 he wanted it, he would fret and fume in such a
 manner

manner it would astonish you. Then after he had so ruffled his temper, he was not much disposed to relish it when it came upon table: again he would be cross because he either fancied it dressed too much or too little. After dinner if the servant had omitted to rub the table sufficiently, or not wiped the glasses, he would again break forth into fretting, and scolding. And so he went on from one thing to another the whole day, (for a person who chooses to be discomposed about little trifling affairs, never will be without finding such cause of unhappiness arise every moment) till he became a burden to himself, and every body that was connected with him. He totally lost the affection of all his friends: nobody liked to converse with him, because he was so cross; and without society and friendship of our fellow creatures, we cannot be happy. In this state of *unhappiness* however, he was left to *enjoy* (if he could) his own reflections: for every body forsook him, except a few who unfortunately through duty, were obliged to continue with him; and *they* most heartily wished to be able to quit him likewise. Only think, my love, what a state to be reduced to! Not to have *one* friend, who had any regard for him; despised and abhorred by every body, and what rendered his life still more wretched, so fretful and discontented, that he could find no satisfaction or peace even when alone: his own *ill-humour* con-

stantly attended him, and made him as disagreeable to himself, as to every one besides. But dreadful as this state is, you may depend upon it, that it never fails to be the lot of all those people, who suffer their tempers to be disturbed by every cross accident, or disagreeable circumstance that befalls them. In a world like this we inhabit, it is impossible to pass a day, without meeting with many occurrences we would wish to have otherways. But we must not for that reason suffer ourselves to be put out of humor, or grow fretful to those around us : if we do, so far from mending matters, we shall but greatly increase the sorrow and trouble of our lives. An instance of this kind I saw the other day, in Miss *Peggy Grey*. She and her sister had been invited by Mrs. *Round* to meet a large party of children at her house, and spend the evening with them. You may be sure they liked the thoughts of the visit, especially as they were to have a dance ; and Mr. *Round* very kindly engaged to stay at home, and play to them on his violin. When the afternoon came (which was last *Monday*) it rained so extremely fast, they could not possibly go without being wet through ; which the Miss *Greys* said they should not mind. But when their mamma told them, she could not permit that to be the case ; Miss *Betsy* took off her bonnet and cloak, and very quietly sat down to work her doll's frock, saying at the same time, " I cannot help it !

it! I am sorry we must not go, for I should have liked it *very* much!" I am sorry too, my dear, said her mamma, I don't like you should be disappointed, but it *cannot* be helped. Such disappointments often happen, and we must try not to mind them. "But I *do* mind it," replied Miss Peggy, crying as loud as she could bawl, with her mouth wide open, and the tears running down her cheeks. "I *do* mind it! I *want* to go, and *cannot* bear to stay at home!" You *must* bear it (said her mamma) for you cannot go through the rain. So pray don't talk of not bearing it: such things *must* be born when they happen, and *quietly* too: so I desire you will leave off crying, and be a good girl, or I shall not let you go out another time when it is fine. See how good your sister is! Do you behave like her, and take off your bonnet, and go to play, and amuse yourself some other way. "But I *cannot* amuse myself!" (said Peggy sobbing) I *want* to go to the dance, and *nothing* else will amuse me!" And so down she sat to watch the rain; crying and sobbing all the time as if she had been sadly hurt indeed. Her sister tried to comfort and please her, by shewing her all her playthings, and talking to her. But Miss Peggy, because she could not spend the afternoon as she *wished* to do, seemed resolved not to be pleased with any thing. She would not play, she would not work, she would not talk, she would not look

at pictures; in short she would do nothing, but set in an ill-humor, and grieve because it rained. At length, after she had spent about an hour and half in this ridiculous manner, Mr. *Round* stopped at the gate in his coach. Finding it did not look as if it would leave off raining, he was come to fetch the young ladies he said, and should call and take up a good many more in his way home. Miss *Betsy* smiled, put away her doll, and her work, and was ready in a moment to attend him. But Miss *Peggy* had put herself into such an ill-humor, and had so cried and roared, that she was not fit to go into company. She was therefore obliged to stay at home and sustain the mortification of seeing the coach, in which she *might* have gone, had she been *good*, drive off without her. She now grew so noisy, that we could bear her in the room no longer; she was therefore obliged to be turned out, and spend a miserable afternoon with her own ill-humors, instead of enjoying the dance as she might have done, had she governed her temper upon the first disappointment, as she undoubtedly ought. And thus, my love, in every instance through life, we shall always find it to be the same. And a circumstance which at first is *disagreeable* to us, by fretting and ill-nature, we shall render almost insupportable:

*LET good-humor for ever then dwell in your
breast,*

*And your constant companion be found ;
For misery certain awaits upon those,
Who by spleen and ill-nature are bound.*

*The heart discompos'd, and by fretfulness sway'd,
Can never experience delight ;
For pleasure, at sight of moroseness withdraws,
And retires, with precipitate flight.*

*In vain we may wish to recal to our aid,
Gay pleasure, and every bright jey ;
Unless from our bosoms we banish those crimes,
Which the fairest of blessings destroy.*

*No pleasures, believe me, that wretch shall e'er
taste,*

*No comfort his bosom e'er find ;
Who suffers ill-temper to ruffle his breast,
And fretfulness reign in his mind.*

There, Harriot, I have again endeavoured to comply with your desire, as I assure you I always wish to do, in every respect that lies within my power. Your papa, sister, and brother desire I will not forget their loves to you, and assure you that they much wish to see you, as does likewise

Your Affectionate Mother,

M. SEAMORE.

L E T T E R X.

Miss SEAMORE to Mrs. SEAMORE.

HONORED MADAM,

I DON'T know how to make you understand how exceedingly obliged to you I am for your kind pretty letters. I like reading them better than any thing else: and I am sure, when my aunt and I have finished making a book of them, it will be the cleverest book that ever was read. And I think if all little girls had such a one, there would not be so many naughty children as there are now; for I am sure they will teach *any body* to be good. I understand what you say about being ill-natured and out of humor: and am convinced that it would not have been right, not to have given Mrs. *Vokeless* the direction. At first I thought it would have been the best way to have treated her; but I see my mistake now you have told it me. Indeed I find every day that you are much wiser than I am; for when I have fancied something to be very clever, you soon make it appear quite foolish, and not fit to be done. So pray, Ma'am, don't leave

off

off writing to me, and telling me of all my mistakes ; for you say it is no harm to make a mistake, if I will but try to do better as soon as I am told it is wrong. And that I assure you, I always will ; for I much wish to be a wife and good woman ; and my aunt says I shall, if I mind all that you say to me. I have begun to work an apron for my grandmamma ; it is a very pretty pattern : Miss *Locket* drew it on purpose for me. She is very good-natured, and has given me a great many paintings of her doing, and a work-bag she has drawn upon white sattin. There is a rose-bud, an honeysuckle, and a pink tied together on one side ; and on the other a sprig of laylock. You cannot think how pretty it looks ; but you will see it when I come home. She says she will do one for my sister. I shall be glad of that, for I like she should have every thing the same as I have. I suppose *Betsy* will chuse the flowers upon her's should be all wall-flowers, because she is so fond of them. But she must send word what she will like. For Miss *Locket* says she will do whatever she chuses. I have learned those last verses you sent me by heart, as well as the others. I like poetry very much indeed. I should be much obliged to you, if you would send me as much as you can, whenever it suits you. And the history you promised to tell me, about the person who found fault with her victuals,

till

till she was quite unhappy. My aunt desires her love to every body ; pray give mine to my sister, and *Tom*, and my duty to my Papa. And believe me to be, my dearest Madam,

Your most dutiful Daughter,

HARRIOT SEAMORE.

L E T T E R X I.

Mrs. SEAMORE to Miss SEAMORE.

I AM well pleased, my love, to find you pay so much regard to the advice I give you in my letters ; and do not, like some foolish children, endeavour to conceal your own opinion, lest you should be convinced by those who are older, that you have been in an error. Such practice is the most ridiculous method of behaving in the world ; and the way always to continue in ignorance, and those who do so, know no better when they are grown up, than whilst children. To mistake in your judgment is, as you say, at your time of life, no *crime* at all. But it certainly is a very great one, to be so vain and self-conceited, as to chuse to continue in a mistake, rather than be told of it, and learn to rectify and to form juster notions of things.

things. If, for instance, you had concealed your sentiments relating to Mrs. *Xokeless*, I could have had no opportunity of convincing you of the impropriety of such behaviour: and then you would have continued in the same way of thinking, till perhaps you would have persuaded yourself that it was best to behave crossly and ill-naturedly to every body, who did not in all respects act as they ought to do. Whereas now, that you have freely told me your thoughts, I likewise gave you *my* opinion, and *proved* to you, how erroneous your judgment was. And in *every* circumstance let me beg of you, my dear child, always to open your mind frankly to me; and depend upon it, I shall never chide you for any errors in your judgment, provided you always endeavour to rectify them when told, and convinced of their folly. You say, if every child had my letters to read, they would teach them to be good, and behave properly. What effect they might have upon others I know not. But you (for whom they are written) will, I hope, strive to reap that advantage from them. Consider, my love, if you think they are sufficient to make others good, it is a sign you see what I write to be *just* and *reasonable*. Therefore you must endeavour to follow all my advice, and regulate your conduct by it. If you do not, you will condemn yourself, and be naughtier than any other child; since you *have* the advantage of reading
 what

what you think must subdue naughtiness in every one beside. And certain it is, that our wickedness increases, in proportion as we are convinced of our faults and do not forsake them. If I who write these letters to you, practice those crimes I condemn, *my* sin will undoubtedly be very great, for doing what I am so well convinced is wrong. And if you who read these letters, follow not the advice given in them; *your* crime will likewise be very great, for not doing what you are satisfied is right. And you will be much naughtier than those children are, who behave, it may be, as bad; but who have never been instructed what is proper to be done, or what actions ought to be avoided. The instance you desire me to give you relating to having too great a concern what our food shall consist of, may easily be seen in Mrs. *Collep*, the happiness of whose life is really destroyed, by her unreasonable attention, and care to have her table furnished with every dainty in season, at least with every dish to please her own taste. When she was a child, her parents ridiculously indulged her in all little fancies relating to eating. Instead of having the breakfast provided which was thought properest for her, she was consulted every morning what she would *choose*. Whether she would have her milk boiled or cold? Whether the bread should be sliced into the basin, or she break it in afterwards? Whether she chose toast, or bread and butter, or biscuits,

or cake ? In short she was suffered to change her breakfast and supper, every day according to her liking. And at dinner time instead of eating what was given her, she was to chuse what she should like best to have. And sometimes when there has been more things at table, than she could possibly partake of, she has been really distressed to know which to determine upon. Now I dare say, your own sense will at once convince you, of the great folly of permitting a little child to be so whimsical about food ; not only as luxurious eating is most dreadfully prejudicial to the health of the body, but likewise as it miserably misemploys the mind, by thinking upon such unimproving subjects. Mrs. Collop, when a girl, employed her thoughts from the moment she first waked in the morning, settling what breakfast she should fix upon of all that were offered to her choice. And many times in the day, did the same unprofitable thought occupy her mind, relating to her dinner and supper. What wonder then, my dear, that she should fail to improve in wisdom, or store her heart with useful lessons, how to behave upon every occasion in life, if she wasted her time only in thinking about her victuals. The same empty useless thought, appears to be the chief of her study at present. And if she is disappointed of a dish she has bespoke, or if the cook through mistake, spoils any

that are provided, she *frets*, and *grieves*, as if the greatest of misfortunes had befallen her : neither can she eat a mouthful, unless it is dressed exactly as she wishes it. I dined with her one day when the surloin of beef was rather over roasted, and a fine turkey boiled too little. Had you seen her countenance, and heard her lamentations upon the occasion, you would have thought she had just received news of some terrible affliction. And though the moment before dinner came upon table, she had observed she should be very glad to see it, as she was remarkably hungry, she could not persuade herself to taste one mouthful : and she appeared not a little surprised to see me eat a very hearty meal. She asked me if I *liked* my victuals dressed in that manner ? I told her no ! I had *rather* not have it so ; but really though it was not in the highest order that could be wished, yet I should be very sorry not to be able to eat my dinner. I said, for the sake of my friends, when at my *own* house, I wished to see things properly dressed, and as *they* liked them ; but for my own eating I cared very little about it, as I did not regard eating as one of the *pleasures*, but as a necessary means of preserving life. And provided I had wholesome victuals, I thought it of small consequence, whether it was rather more or less done than I liked it. She said she was not of that opinion, and it made her very *uneasy*, to see victuals so spoiled ; neither could she possibly eat, unless it

was well dressed. It was not my place to find fault with her conduct. But upon my word I thought she well deserved to go without her dinner if she would not eat it. Nor could I pity her, when in the afternoon she complained of hunger, and a pain in her stomach, owing to want of food. People who suffer hunger through poverty and *real* want of victuals, deserve our utmost compassion, and demand every relief we can possibly bestow. But when their sufferings arise merely from maggots, and over daintiness, instead of pitying, we can only *despise* and *condemn* them. Indeed we may pity them for their *folly*, and for having been suffered when children, to indulge such humours, but on no other account can they excite compassion. To prove however what I said, that too great daintiness relating to food creates unhappiness, Mrs. Collop gave a still farther proof. For after having spent rather a disagreeable time, from dinner till tea, (upon account of the *gnawing* she said she felt at her stomach) to add to her distress when tea arrived, there was no cream, and as she don't *like* milk, and never drinks tea without cream, she could not (or rather *would* not) touch a drop. The boy with the muffins had forgot to call. And neither toast, or bread and butter does she like! Cake she had in the house; but it was ~~too~~ sweet! So there was no one thing she chose to eat. And I do assure you, she was as thoroughly out

of temper, as ever I desire to see any body. At last she eat one thin slice of bread and butter; and grumbled the whole time, as if it had hurt her shockingly to bite it. The rest of the evening she could neither think, or talk of any other subjects but the disasters of the day. And when I came away, I felt heartily thankful, that my parents had not suffered me when young to think so much about my victuals, but always made me eat what they thought proper. After such an instance as this, my love, and many more of the same nature that are to be found in the world, you will not, I hope, think any mamma blameable, for not suffering her children to be difficult about what they eat or drink. There is scarcely, in my opinion, a more despicable character, than that of either man, or woman, who spends much time, thought, or anxiety, upon what they shall eat. Beasts, who have no higher notions of duty than to follow their appetites, may well be supposed to search with diligence, after what kind of food best suits their tastes. But for reasonable creatures, who have an understanding to improve, and many active duties to perform, for them to waste their thoughts on such subjects, is highly blameable indeed; and most commonly meets with the abhorrence and contempt of all beholders. Certain it is, that respecting victuals, as well as *every* other particular, there is a *proper* as well as *improper* method of providing,

ing, and dressing it. And every woman, let her rank be what it will, ought not to be above knowing when her table is properly covered. But then her care on that head, should be for the sake of her family and visitors, and not merely to indulge her own taste. And though every mistress of a house should endeavour to provide as genteelly as œconomy will permit, yet, to spend the whole of her thought, and attention, and much of her time upon such a subject, shews that her mind must be very empty indeed. And she had much better apply to improving and cultivating that, than only preparing new dainties for her palate. I once knew a lady, who so much thought it her proper business to understand cookery, and setting out a table, that provided she was acquainted with that, she regarded not her ignorance upon every other subject. And I assure you, she had so totally neglected *every* other improvement, that with *history*, even that of her own country, she was as perfectly ignorant as a child; neither had she the least notion of astronomy: and as for common arithmetic, she scarcely could repeat the pence, or multiplication tables. Yet she rested perfectly satisfied in this despicable state of ignorance, because she was *thorough* mistress of cookery and confectionary. Now, though I would (as I just now said) wish *every* woman to have some knowledge of such affairs; still on no account, should her thoughts

be applied to such alone. Whoever lives in this world, my dear, must meet with many troubles. And what comfort can that person find in affliction, who has never stored her mind with more substantial wisdom, than that of providing and dressing victuals for the body? In the hour of sickness the choicest dainty becomes disgustful to us; and then we shall greatly stand in need of some better reflection, than a receipt for a pudding to cheer our spirits, and make us bear our pains with proper patience. In the time whilst we are in health then, it is our duty to endeavour to get true and substantial wisdom. To spare no pains to acquire an useful knowledge of such subjects, as may *instruct*, as well as *amuse* us, through every period of our lives. For this reason, when you read, or hear accounts of peoples actions, you should endeavour to profit from it, by *reflecting* on what they have done. And if their behaviour has been *good* and *virtuous*, you should remember it, and try to behave *as* well, if ever you should be in the same kind of circumstances. On the contrary, when they have set *bad* and *wicked* examples, you should observe the evil consequences of such behaviour; and resolve not to suffer yourself to act like them. This, my *Harriot*, is the proper method of enriching your own mind, by the actions of others. And thus you should constantly do, if you wish to become a wise and good woman. Never
when

when you read, do as silly children are apt to do, only read the words as a mere *task* which you must go through, but strive to *think* of the subject. And if you do not perfectly understand it, desire an explanation from those older friends you are with. I am sure there are none of your's, my love, but will rejoice at finding you desirous of gaining wisdom, and with pleasure will explain to you what you wish to be made acquainted with. Thus if there are any passages in these letters, you find you do not quite comprehend, beg the favour of your aunt to explain them to you. And in short, in every thing you do, always try to act with reason, and *understand* what you are about. So will your behaviour be such, as is becoming a reasonable being, who considers that it is her duty to behave as such, and not like the brutes, who follow alone their own inclinations, without any higher motive to guide and direct them. That you, my beloved child, may at all times, in every season of your life, hearken to the friendly voice of instruction, and conduct yourself like a rational creature, whom God hath blessed with sense and understanding, is the sincere constant prayer of

Your affectionate Mother,

MARY SEAMORE.

L E T.

L E T T E R XII.

Miss SEAMORE to Mrs. SEAMORE.

HONORED MADAM,

I THINK Mrs. *Collop* very silly to fret so much about her dinner ; and I do not now think it was so ill-natured as I did, in that lady who turned her little boy out of the room about the milk and water. For to be sure, if being indulged whilst he is little would make him foolish, and unhappy when he is a man, he had much better not. My dear Mamma, you know I tell you every thing, and all my faults, because you very kindly teach me how to behave better, and don't scold me. And so I will tell you something that has happened like Mrs. *Collop*. You know I always have boiled milk for breakfast. But one morning this week the cat got into the pantry, and lapped up a whole pan full of milk, however there being a little left in the cream pot, though not enough to fill my basin ; my aunt thought I had better have some water put to it, instead of only having so small a quantity. But I don't like milk and water half so well as all milk. So when I came to breakfast, I said I did not like it. My aunt told me, she was sorry it happened so, but there was no more milk in the house, and I must either have that, or go without.

without : so I cried, because I did not like it, neither did I like to go without. Then my aunt said, I was a naughty girl, and if I would not eat that, I should have nothing else. And she took it away from me ; and would not let me have any bread, or any thing ; so I went without till twelve o'clock, and then I grew very hungry indeed, and begged she would let me have something to eat. But she said, if I would not first drink my milk I should have nothing. So I said I would eat it, and then she gave it me directly, and when I came to eat it, I found it not so bad as I fancied it. My aunt talked to me a great deal about being so silly, and naughty. And I am very sorry I have been so, but indeed I will not behave so any more. When your letter came I could not help thinking about it, and wondering whether Mrs. Collop was so hungry as I was. If she had been, I think she would have eat her dinner, though it was not quite so right. I am sure I don't believe I shall ever any more chuse to go without, rather than eat what there is. And all the time I did, I was very unhappy, as you say ; and should have been much more comfortable if I had eat it at first, and not cried and fretted about it. But I never will behave so ridiculously for the future ; so I hope you will not be angry with me, for indeed I am very sorry. Miss Locket waits to begin my sister's work-bag till she

she knows what flowers she will chuse. So pray, Ma'am don't forget to ask her, and send word in your next letter; which I hope is soon coming, for I do much like to receive them. I wonder whether you like mine as well as I do your's! If you do, I am sure I am very glad to be able to give you so much entertainment; and it is with the greatest pleasure, I subscribe myself

Your dutiful Daughter,

HARRIOT SEAMORE.

L E T T E R XIII.

Mrs. SEAMORE to Miss SEAMORE.

AND so my *Harriot* wonders whether I experience equal pleasure with herself, from receiving her letters. Yes, my love, I assure you the satisfaction they afford me is *very sincere*. And with much delight it is that I peruse the thoughts, and sentiments of my dear girl delivered in them. Your last letter, though it contained a more disagreeable subject than any you have before sent me; yet, at the same time, afforded me much pleasure, from the honesty of the confession therein made. I am extremely sorry you have so disgraced yourself, and given your aunt so much cause to think you was a naughty girl.

But

But I am pleased to find you are sensible of your fault, and hope you will guard against being guilty in the least degree of the same error for the time to come. If ever you find yourself inclining to the like folly, I hope you will recollect, how unhappy you felt while you permitted yourself to be discomposed about it. And likewise reflect upon the ridiculous conduct of Mrs. Collop, and carefully avoid imitating so absurd a character. At the same time, my dear, your own misconduct in the affair, should make you charitable in your condemnation of her: particularly as I tell you, she was not reproved for it when she was young. Every body should observe the great difference there is, between *right* and *wrong* actions; and should carefully endeavour to avoid doing what they see to be wrong in others. But though they *condemn* the *crimes*, they should *pity* the *people* who commit them; and be sorry that they have not learned to behave better. Adieu, my dear child, I have not time to add more; only I could not refrain from sending these few lines, to assure you, I *do* receive great pleasure from your epistles; and to commend you for the free confession of your fault. Give my love to your aunt, and pray be careful to give her no more cause to be dissatisfied with your conduct. I had again almost forgot to tell you that your sister is much obliged to Miss Locket for her kind offer of drawing her
work-

bag, and begs the flowers may be the same as your's; with no other alteration, than that of three butterflies flying, and two upon the honeysuckle, and a snail upon the stalk of the laylock. She desires her duty to your aunt, her love to yourself, and I must now subscribe myself

Your most affectionate Mother,

MARY SEAMORE.

L E T T E R XIV.

Miss SEAMORE to Mrs. SEAMORE.

HONORED MADAM,

MISS *Locket* has began *Betsy's* work-bag, and done one of the butterflies. You can't think how pretty it is! It looks as if it was alive! I am sure she will like it! I wish I could draw as well as Miss *Locket*! My aunt is very fond of her; and she says, she wishes I may behave like her when I am as old. She holds up her head very well, and is very agreeable indeed, and extremely good-natured. Don't you think she is very kind to paint us work-bags? She is a great deal with my aunt, and often reads to her. She has just been reading a book called Mrs. *Chapone's* Letters. I understand some of them: and my aunt says,
when

when I am a little older she will give them to me. I shall be glad of that ; for I shall like to have a great many books. We went yesterday to Mrs. *Lout's*, and dined there. All the way going, one of the horses pranced, and went so disagreeably you can't imagine. And so he does, almost every time we are in the chariot : and then the man whips him, and he does put himself in such a heat, and seems so uncomfortable, I don't like to see him ! I wish my aunt would part with him, and buy another ! I am sure I would if he was mine. I wonder she does not ; for she dislikes to see him whipped and do so, as much as I do, and yet she will keep him. I have said all I can to persuade her to sell him, but she says No ! for may be she should not get a better. *John* says he does not like to be rode, and that is the reason he plays such pranks : but whatever is the reason I know I don't like such an uncomfortable looking horse. Mrs. *Lout* has two little boys, they were both very good, and spoke very pretty to my aunt. One of them has a fore thumb ; he burnt it roasting a chesnut. His mamma said he had no business to roast, or eat them when roasted ; and she hoped his thumb would make him remember, not to do so any more. He coloured when she said so, and looked as if he was ashamed of having burnt it in acting wrong. My aunt tells me, this is the last letter I shall have time to write

H

before

before I come home. I am very sorry for that, because I like being here very much; and besides, I like to have your letters. But I want to see you and papa, and my sister, and Tom too. I should like, as I said before, all to live together. I have tried a great deal to persuade my aunt to live with us. But she says, no, she can't! though I think she might, I am sure in my mind she had much better; I am sorry this letter is so short; but as I am to come home soon, I cannot leave my aunt any longer; but must go and talk to her, for we have not as yet half finished what we have to say to each other; therefore cannot stay longer from her, but must conclude by subscribing myself,

Your dutiful daughter,

HARRIOT SEAMORE.

L E T T E R XV.

Mrs. SEAMORE to Miss SEAMORE.

INDEED, my dear, I agree with you, in thinking Miss *Locket* extremely obliging, to take so much notice of you, and paint your work-bags. I hope you do not forget to make proper acknowledgements to her for her kindness, and tell her, how
much

much you think yourself obliged by her goodness. I beg, likewise, you will present *my* compliments to her and let her know, that I think myself much indebted to her, for the notice she takes of my little girls. And if Mr. and Mrs. *Locket* could prevail upon themselves to part from her for a few weeks, I should be extremely happy to return, as far as lay in my power, the civility she has shewn *you*. Now, when you deliver this my message, don't look down, play with your fingers, and speak so low that she will not be able to hear you. But recollect what you are going to say, and speak up gracefully, and like a lady. I know you will tell me you *can't*, for you are *ashamed*. But why, my love, should you be ashamed of doing what is right? Shame should alone accompany *bad* actions, and not those which are *praise worthy*. To pay proper compliments to people to whom they are due, can never be just cause of shame; though to omit them may indeed cover you with blushes. I should be very sorry, to have my girls possess such an assurance, as to be able to engross the conversation to themselves in a large company of men and women. But I would wish them to have courage sufficient, to speak with propriety when spoken to, and modestly pay civility to every one. With your aunt you can converse with the greatest freedom, and unreservedness, upon every subject that presents itself to your mind. And yet I much doubt whether,

when you begin to thank her for the great care and trouble she has taken with you, during your visit, you will not hang your head, and mutter so fast and low, that she will not be able to understand you. But I hope you will endeavour to do otherways; and whatever you may chuse to say for yourself, I desire you will inform her, that *I* reckon myself greatly obliged by the care and attention she has shewn you. You cannot think of what *vast* advantage you will find it, all through life, to be able to speak with grace, ease, and propriety, upon every fit occasion. Strive therefore, my dear, to overcome such *foolish, misplaced* shame; and never, whilst you are sensible you are doing what is *right* and *proper*, let false bashfulness make you feel *awkward* and *uneasy*. I perfectly well know the tricks you speak of, belonging to your aunt's horse; and have often been in the carriage when he has pranced, and fretted, the whole time of being out. I don't know whether the same thought presented itself to your mind, as does to mine upon such occasion; but it always appeared to me as an exact emblem of those amongst the human species, who, if they meet with any circumstance disagreeable to them, suffer themselves to fret, and be so thoroughly discomposed, that they totally lose every degree of happiness they *might* enjoy. And after all their ill humors, they cannot remove or alter what oppresses them; any more than the horse,

horse, by his prancing and tossing his head, can rid himself either of his rider, or harness. How much more wisely therefore would they act, if like the other horse, they would quietly submit to evils they cannot avoid. I suppose *Puppet* no more likes to be harnessed, and draw the carriage, than *Jumper*: and yet, by yielding to his fate with gentleness and meekness, he avoids all those blows, heat, and uneasiness, which *Jumper* occasions himself to suffer. And so in our own lives, we shall ever find, that every degree of trouble, let it arise from what cause it may, will always be increased in proportion as we fret, and put ourselves out of temper. I'll humor and fretfulness never can serve to any other purpose, but to make people very wicked, unhappy to themselves, and a trouble to every body about them. You say one reason for which you are sorry to return home, is, that you shall lose my letters. I dare say if you was to beg the favor of your aunt, she would supply that deficiency, by writing to you instead; and as her advice is always as good as mine, you might continue to add to your book, by sewing in all she will be so obliging as to send you. Suppose you was to speak to her upon the subject! I don't think she would deny your request; and then that motive of your uneasiness, will be totally removed. I wish the heavier one of parting with your aunt could be as easily obviated, and that she could return with

you ; but that I fear will not be in her power. It is a necessary evil attending our love of friends, that we must suffer pain when separated from them, in proportion to the pleasure we find in their company. But as it is a *necessary evil*, we must submit to it patiently, and be thankful for the time we *do* see them, and hope it will not be long before we again enjoy that pleasure. In hopes of soon experiencing that happiness, in the company of my beloved *Harriot*, I subscribe myself, with the strongest affection,

Your indulgent Mother,

MARY SEAMORE.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE II.

MAMMA and HARRIOT.

HARRIOT.

I WISH I could paint as well as Miss *Locket* !
If I could, I should like to paint a muff, and
and give it to her !

MAMMA. But though my dear you cannot *paint*,
you can *work*. Suppose you was to make a huf-
wife of that piece of pink sattin your uncle gave
you, and stitch it very neatly with white silk, and then
present that to Miss *Locket* ; I dare say she would
be kind enough to accept it : and I should like
you to make her some little acknowledgement for
her great civility to you. Don't you think, *Har-
riet*, you could make a hufwife?

HARRIOT. Yes, Ma'am, but I am almost afraid
I should not be able to do it neat enough.

MAMMA. Why should you be afraid of that my
love? You can stitch, I am sure, very well when
you take pains ; therefore you need not have any
apprehensions of that kind. Though, if you suffer
yourself to work so unneat as that doll's apron I
saw to-day, I don't know what to say to it. You
will soon forget to work *well*, if you cobble at
that rate.

HARRIOT.

HARRIOT. O! I can work better than that! But that was only for my doll. I was in a hurry, and so I thought it was not worth while taking more pains, as it did not signify.

MAMMA. How do you mean, *Harriot*, it did not *signify*? Every thing signifies so much as to be done well. I suppose, if your own cloaths, or any body's else, were made in that slight manner, it would not much *signify*; that is, they would not *hurt* them, and would equally cover, and keep them warm; but they would prove the maker of them to be a most wretched work-woman. And would look very ugly, untidy, and unneat. I confess, for my own part, I should be sorry any body should see such work of *mine* upon any thing. I should be afraid people would think I did not *know how* it ought to be done, as they certainly would conclude, I never could have suffered such work to go, had I been capable of doing better. Besides, my dear, though the work was never to be seen by any body, it is a very silly way to accustom yourself to such a method of slighting it. You cannot imagine how soon you would *forget* how to use your needle; at least, would not be able to work well without much more pains and trouble than you would have, by always habituating yourself to do your *best*. The only way to arrive at perfection in *any* thing, is *constantly* to endeavour to do *every* thing in the *best* manner you possibly can; and never neglect taking

taking pains, under that idle notion, *that trifling things are of no consequence, and don't signify*. Whereas in truth, *every* action of our lives, signifies enough to be performed as *well* as we can. And by constantly using ourselves to a *right* method of acting, we shall find it just as easy to do every thing well, as bad.

HARRIOT. But surely, Ma'am, dolls cloaths are not of so much consequence as other things are; and we need not take pains to do *every* thing equally neat, whether they are to be seen or not. If you was heming a duster, should you take the same care as you do heming that ruffle for my papa's shirt?

MAMMA. Certainly not. If I was to take as small stitches upon that, as upon this ruffle, they would not hold it together. But though I took larger stitches, I would not make them longer than necessary. I would endeavour to do it as well as that sort of work could be done. I don't like to see any thing performed wrong. Besides, as I said before, supposing it was of no other consequence, yet I would not work bad, for fear I should get into a habit of doing so, and not being able to avoid it when I wished for it, without being obliged to take peculiar care and caution.

HARRIOT. Very well, Ma'am, I will remember what you say, and do better another time.

MAMMA.

MAMMA. I dare say you will, my dear, for you are a good girl, and always endeavour to do as you are advised, which gives me great pleasure; as it is the most certain means, of becoming a good and sensible woman. I should be very sorry to have you argue in the silly ridiculous way Miss *Willstrong* does.

HARRIOT. Pray, Ma'am, how is that?

MAMMA. Why she never will be persuaded, to do any thing she don't happen to like, nor will she believe that her mamma is wiser, and knows better than herself: the consequence of which is, she is always making blunders and mistakes; and will when she grows up continue to do so: for age will not add to her wisdom, unless she will be humble enough to be taught what is right and wrong. I will give you an instance of her folly, which happened the other evening when I was there. Her mamma had been so obliging as to give her some nice fine dimity to make her doll a petticoat, and a long cloak; which Mrs. *Willstrong* offered to cut out for her. But she refused, saying, she could shape them herself. Her mamma then desired that she would let her shew her the right way to cut them. But she said no, she could tell how, without being shewn. She therefore would cut them according to her own fancy; though her mamma told her all the time she was doing wrong, and would spoil them. But she thought

thought herself too wise to be informed. And how do you think she cut them at last ?

HARRIOT. I cannot say ! Pray, Ma'am, how did she ?

MAMMA. I will tell you how she did. Instead of cutting the petticoat the same width at top, as at the bottom ; and then plaiting it into a binding, she took a square piece of dimity, and cut a round hole in the middle of it for the waist. After she had done it she found her mistake ; but still was too silly to own her fault, and amend. For though she cried about spoiling the petticoat, she would not be taught how to do the cloak ; but sloped that away to the size of the doll's neck ; and so spoiled that likewise. Then she cried, and wanted more ; but her mamma had no more for her ; and told her, if she had, she would not give it to her, to be so wasted. I said, that I hoped another time, she would not refuse taking advice ; but would remember her mamma knew what was best. But for all she had just experienced the folly of being so obstinate, she told me, she should *not*, for *she knew how to do things without being taught*. I was quite surprised to hear her talk so ridiculously, and was astonished at her behaviour. Afterwards she wanted some plumb-cake that was in the room. Her mamma advised her not to eat it, as it would certainly make her teeth ache, being exceeding sweet ; and every thing that
was

was so, always had that effect upon them. But again she fancied she knew best what was proper, and said, she was *sure* it would not make her tooth ache; and if it did, she should not care, or mind it. Mrs. *Willstrong* then said she wondered how she could be so silly, when she must remember that it always did; and that when it ached, it was so bad she could not *help* minding it. Still, however, Miss persisted in being confident it would not hurt her; so she took a large slice, which she had scarcely done eating, before her tooth began to ache very bad indeed; and she cried as loud as she could. Again I endeavoured to persuade her to learn experience, and remember how much better her mamma knew than herself. But she still persisted in her foolish method of arguing, and insisted upon it, that she knew as well as her mamma, or any body else, what was proper for her.

HARRIOT. What do you think, Ma'am, will be the consequence of her behaviour?

MAMMA. I think, my dear, she will ridiculously continue to follow her own inclinations, and refuse taking the advice of her elder friends, till she makes herself not only appear foolish, but becomes quite miserable. And when she has plunged herself into dreadful trouble, and past the best time of her life without learning to grow wise; she will wish, when it is too late, that she had behaved in a different manner.

DIALOGUE III.

MAMMA, HARRIOT, and BETSY.

BETSY.

I THINK my cap is much prettier than your's, sister !

HARRIOT. Indeed I am not of that opinion, for I like my own much better. I am sure the ribbon is a much brighter colour. Your's looks as if it was faded.

BETSY. I don't think it does at all : it is a *paler* pink, but I don't like such a deep red as your's : besides, my border is plaited neater than your's : see what large plaits, and puffs your's has. It don't look half so neat and pretty as mine !

HARRIOT. I think it looks much prettier. I am sure the border is fuller, and wider too ; and a much handsomer lace. Your's is only a *common* net, with a *common* edge ; mine has a much thicker edge.

BETSY. And for that very reason, I don't like it. Mine looks much lighter ; your's is so heavy and clumsy. I am sure mine is best !

HARRIOT. Well, I cannot think so. You may be partial to your own, but mine *certainly* is the
I handsomest ;

handsomest; and so every body would say, I am sure.

BETSY. And you, *Harriot*, may be partial to *your* own, but I know *mine* is best, and much genteelest; and so every body would say, I am sure.

MAMMA. I have sat still to hear what it was you were both going to say. But since I find, that you are absolutely beginning to quarrel about so foolish a subject as your caps, I must interfere, and beg there may no more be said about them, by either of you. Surely, my dears, you must most strangely have forgot yourselves, so eagerly to dispute whose *cap* is the prettiest! I should have hoped that you both had more sense, than to have *thought* upon such insignificant trifles; much less could I have supposed, that you would have entered into such ridiculous debates.

BETSY. Pray, Mamma, which do you think the prettiest?

MAMMA. Indeed I never thought about it. I saw they both looked *clean*, and *tidy*, and that was all I wished them to do, or cared about.

HARRIOT. But don't you think mine is?

MAMMA. Really, *Harriot*, I do *not*: nor do I know which I do. But supposing that I was to prefer one more than another, it would not therefore follow, that *that* must be the prettiest in other peoples opinion. Any thing which so entirely depends

pend upon fancy, cannot be determined by any one person's taste. And as for your being *sure*, that every body would like *your's* best; and *Betsy* being *sure*, that every body would like *her's* best; I can assure you, that both are mistaken; and no doubt some, would like the one, and some would like the other best. How very absurd therefore it is to dispute about them. But allowing that one was so far preferable to the other, as to admit of no comparison; still can any thing be more ridiculous, than for two persons, two reasonable creatures, two sisters, who ought to love one another, to disagree about such a trifle as a *cap*? O! fie upon it! I could not have suspected you would have been guilty of such a fault. Indeed, my dears, I had a much better opinion of you. I thought you both had more sense, and better tempers than to be disturbed upon so simple an affair. Suppose, *Harriot*, *Betsy's* cap had been much the best in every respect, what hurt could that possibly have done you? Indeed I should have thought it would have been *better* for you, as you would have had the advantage of seeing it on her head, whereas, you cannot see it when placed on your own. And pray, *Betsy*, if *Harriot's* cap, had been handsomer than *your's*, what trouble could that occasion to you, or why should you dislike to acknowledge it?

BETSY. I don't know, only I like my things should be as pretty as my sister's.

MAMMA. That is, you like to have your things pretty, rather than ugly. But supposing, your's must necessarily be ugly, why then, should you dislike your sister's should be pretty? Her's being ugly would not make your's the better! And if your's were bad, why should you want her's to be so likewise? Is that being kind? Is that being good-natured? Or is it any proof of your love to her? Suppose you was to be sick, and not able to walk, and play about; would you for that reason wish *Harriot* to be sick too, and suffer equal pain with yourself?

BETSY. No, that I should not!

MAMMA. Why then, in any respect, should you wish her to feel any inconvenience (though ever so small) because you do? Why should *you*, I say, *Harriot*, for I speak to both of you?

HARRIOT. I don't wish her to suffer any inconvenience: only I don't like her cloaths should be better than mine.

MAMMA. You don't like it! That is a very foolish manner of arguing; to give no better reason than, you *don't like* it. To feel uneasy at seeing other people superior to ourselves, discovers a very *mean* and *ungenerous* spirit. We ought always to endeavour to be as perfect as we can; and rejoice when we see greater degrees of it possessed by others.

others. To endeavour to excel in *goodness*, and *wisdom*, is a laudable ambition; but nothing can discover a more narrow, fordid mind, than to strive to represent those who out do us, as being no better than ourselves. We may admire their accomplishments, and try to copy them; but we must not wish to make ourselves equal to them; by *degrading* them *down* to a level with our imperfections. To aim at excelling in *goodness* and *wisdom*, as I said before, is laudable, and praise-worthy: but to be solicitous and ambitious to have as fine cloaths, and fine things as we see others have, is a sure sign of an *empty, unimproved* mind: for a person of a good, and right understanding, will always consider those things in the proper light; and will remember, that the intent of cloaths is for the sake of decency, and to defend us from the inclemency of the seasons: and the whole use of their being made of various materials, is, to distinguish the different ranks amongst mankind. Nothing therefore can be more absurd, than that ridiculous custom some people run into, of dressing finer, and more expensively, than is suitable to their circumstances. And what is exceeding proper for one person, is very misbecoming in another of lower rank and fortune. Was I to dress with all the elegance of lady *Plumb*, instead of meeting with the approbation of my acquaintance for my good taste in my cloaths, they would

most justly despise me, and conclude that I had no sense or understanding, to discern between what was right, or what improper. Every body, according to the station they are in, should always regulate their dress: and whether their cloaths are fine and elegant, or coarse and plain as possible, should constantly maintain a perfect neatness and cleanliness of person. For being flaternly, ragged, and dirty, we may justly condemn people; but not because their apparel is less pretty than others, or not ornamented according to our liking.

BETSY. Then I am sure we must condemn that woman who was here yesterday; for she was ragged and dirty enough.

MAMMA. Not so either, my dear; for it might be almost impossible for her to be otherways. Her extreme poverty must greatly plead her excuse. Her hands and face appeared clean, but as for her garments, when you consider, that she had none others than those on her back, and many children to nurse, and take care of, it was not in her power to appear better than she did. And such cases always demand our pity, instead of our condemnation. When therefore I say, every body is obliged to be clean and tidy, I only mean those who have cloaths sufficient to enable them to be so. And that every body has, who is raised above such extreme poverty. But if it discovers a wrong turn
of

of mind, to dress finer than we ought, what must we think of those people who can so degrade their nature, as to *quarrel* and *dispute* about their cloaths, as if it was of any real consequence whose were the prettiest? Or as if people imagined they were in the least degree better, or more deserving, for the gowns they put upon their backs. Cloaths are for the convenience of our *bodies*; but as the adorning of our *minds* is of infinitely greater importance, we should for *them* entertain the highest regard. Nor is it of any consequence whose *caps*, or whose silks are best; but it is of infinite concern, who behaves, and governs their tempers and minds the best! Whereas, to bestow much care, and pay much attention to your raiment, is as if you thought the ornaments of the body of more worth and importance, than the proper cultivation of the soul. Such a method of judging however, is very erroneous indeed. Man is the noblest creature in the whole world. But then it is upon account of the immortal soul, and not for any superiority of body he possesses either in strength or beauty; for numbers of the irrational creatures far excel him in both. For the sake of the dignity of human nature, therefore, my dear children, never concern yourselves; much more never *quarrel* about such insignificant subjects as that of *dress*. But if you find any inclinations of that kind rise in your minds,

reflect

reflect that it is superiority of *goodness* and *virtue* alone, that can make one person any ways better than another. And as for the *finest* and *richest* of your garments, they were either the cloathing of the sheep, or the silk-worm, before they were manufactured into raiment for you. In any kind of dignity therefore, which cloaths can possibly bestow, you must allow that sheep and silk-worms as far exceed you, as the *owner* of ornaments does any one who only borrows them. When therefore you consider that to such animals as *beasts* and *worms*, you owe your finest cloaths, I think you will subdue your vanity, and blush at the thought of supposing they can any ways add to the honor of *a reasonable creature*, an *immortal soul*. I will teach you a few lines I once read upon the subject, which by imprinting on your memories, may help to conquer so foolish and misplaced a vanity.

I S it in cloaths then to impart,
 Honour, or goodness to the heart?
 Can raiment e'er be thought to raise
 Our virtue, or to merit praise?
 And virtue is alone the way,
 True dignity we can display.
 In vain we sumptuous drefs may wear,
 Unless our minds are watch'd with care.
 Mere outward ornaments alone,
 Can never make our worth be known;

For

*For sheep, and worms, have long before,
 The very self-same raiment wore :
 And if we don't each vice subdue,
 We better had been silk-worms too.
 The harmless sheep, whose back supplies
 The wool, that takes a thousand dies ;
 Far, far surpasses human kind,
 Unless they cultivate the mind.
 Let none then boast, or e'er suppose,
 They owe their dignity to cloaths,
 By purity of heart alone,
 Our worth, and dignity are shewn :
 And the poor wretch in tatters dress'd,
 Who has an honest, faithful breast,
 Doth more in real greatness shine,
 Than those whose dress is e'er so fine ;
 If to their finery, they add,
 Either in word, or deed what's bad.
 Soon as our cloaths our thoughts employ,
 And dress, and shew become our joy,
 That moment we ourselves debase,
 And cast a shame on human race.*

HARRIOT. Is that all, Ma'am ?

MAMMA. Yes, my dear. And I wish you
 both would learn it perfectly by heart : it may
 often be of service to you : you will not be long
 learning it. I am going up stairs and will write
 the

the lines down for you. And I wish, *Harriot*, you would write to your aunt this morning, you know she desired you soon would.

HARRIOT. Yes, Ma'am, I will go and begin a letter directly, and bring it to shew you when I have done.

L E T T E R XVI.

From Miss SEAMORE to Mrs. BARTLATE,

HONORED MADAM,

MY mamma says, in this first letter I write to you, after my return home, I ought to make my acknowledgements to you, and thank you for your kindness to me, all the time I was with you. And indeed, Ma'am, I am much obliged to you, for the care and trouble you had with me. I should like to visit you again, if I could but take my mamma, and papa, and brother, and sister with me; but I don't want to leave them, and I am sure I don't like to be absent from you. I wish you would let me persuade you to come and live with us: and I can see no reason why you should not: our house is large enough to hold you, and you say you love us all very dearly, so why will you not? My sister is much obliged to you for the chairs and table you was so kind as to send her; and she likes my tea-things vastly: *Tom* said, when I gave him the cart, I love my aunt *Bartlate* dearly! I wish she was here! I would kiss her *twenty* times for

it!

it ! And he calls it the *Bartlathshire* waggon. My mamma says, that is nonsense, for there is no such a place as *Bartlathshire*, and wanted to persuade him to call it the *Berkshire*, or *Bedfordshire* waggon. But he will not : he says there is a *Bartlath Aunt*, if there is not a *Bartlath county*, and so it shall be a *Bartlathshire* waggon. Pray, Ma'am, does Miss *Locket* come so often to see you as she did ? When she does, don't forget to tell her, that my sister and I are much obliged to her for the work-bags. *Betsy* says, she likes her's better than any she ever saw : only she wishes she had had more butterflies put in it. Miss *Monk* is painting one for her mamma ; but it will not look half so pretty as those Miss *Locket* does : and my mamma says, she does not draw well at all. Not well enough as yet, she thinks, to paint upon silk with colours. I have just began to read the history of *England*. I like some of it very well ; but there is so much I cannot understand, that my mamma says I shall not go on with it at present ; but leave it for two or three years, when she thinks I shall enjoy it better. My papa has given me a new book since I came home, called *Mentoria* : it is very entertaining, and there is a great deal to be learnt from it. It is in dialogues, between a governess and two young ladies she hath the care of, and their brother. I think you had better read it, for it is very pretty. I hope when I am a

woman

woman I shall have a great many books, for I love reading, and if I could help it, I would never do a stitch of work. You cannot think how tired I am of my grandmamma's apron. I should be much obliged to you, if you would send me the pattern of those shoes you said you would give me: and the pattern of the robbins, for I want to begin them very much. O dear! Mr. *Quill* is just come; so I must leave writing to you, and go and write with him, which I do not like half so well; but I *must* go, therefore now conclude myself,

Your dutiful Niece,

HARRIOT SEAMORE.

L E T T E R XVII.

Mrs. BARTLATE to Miss SEAMORE.

SO much do I value the performances of my dear *Harriot*, that I believe I shall follow your example, and make a book of your letters, in the same way you did of your mamma's; for I hope to receive a great many of them, and should be very sorry to have any lost or torn. So you still continue to wonder that I will not come and take up my abode with you. Don't you remember, I told you it was impossible, as I have

K

much

much business at this part of the world, which I could not execute so properly at a distance as upon the spot. I can most heartily join with you in wishing that it *was* possible to be more together; but as it is not, I endeavour to be contented with my state, and take great pleasure in the thought of frequently hearing from you, now that you are old enough to write, and acquaint me with all that passes. Miss *Locket* was here when your letter arrived; which I read to her; and she desires your sister will send back the work-bag, and she will add as many more butterflies as she pleases, or as the silk will hold, if she should like that. I think she is exceedingly obliging and civil. You see, my dear, how strikingly agreeable she appears, upon account of her polite and kind behaviour. Every body loves her; every body admires her; and gladly would they do any thing in their power to render her happy. At present I believe she is as much so as any body in this world can be; and was any misfortune to befall her, I doubt not, but as she is so good a girl, that she would try to bear it with patience, and as she ought. She would recollect that this world is not the *only* place for which we were made; but that we are passing to another. And provided we do our duty here, and behave as we ought, that *other* will be far happier, than we now can either fancy or suppose. In short, I never saw any person I could so much

wish

with to recommend to your imitation, in mind and manners, as Miss *Locket*. Always chearful and good-humoured, without being troublesome, silly, or noisy; civil and complaisant, without the least degree of affectation. Fond of reading and writing, and every mental qualification; without neglecting the necessary and *ornamental* employments requisite for the body. But you have already seen her, and admire her as much as I do. I need not therefore endeavour to describe her to you, or now offer her as a pattern to you, having already repeatedly done that, whilst I had the pleasure of your company. I certainly will read the book you recommend to my perusal. You tell me there are many things to be learnt from it. Never, I hope, shall I fancy myself too wise to receive instruction; for no greater proof of folly can we possibly discover, than to refuse being taught; or fancy that we know enough. The whole that makes old people wiser than children, is, their having lived longer, and had more opportunities of learning and gaining knowledge. But if at any age we imagine we require no farther improvement, we sadly deceive ourselves, and take the most direct way to continue ignorant of things we ought to know. I much applaud your love of reading; as that is the likeliest way of obtaining wisdom and knowledge; provided your books are such as are well chosen, and recommended to you by your older friends.

But I don't think, my love, you will in any of them find, that total neglect of the needle proposed as a proper plan for women to pursue, which you seem to look upon as the most enviable state. I acknowledge that reading, and the improvement of our minds, demand our *first* and *greatest* care. But a proper attention to that, by no means excludes the numberless *useful* employments of a woman in the domestic line. And an utter abhorrence of all kind of housewifery, and needle-work, would prove too evidently, that your reading had been to little purpose, if it had not taught you to submit with *pleasure* to those less entertaining, but *absolutely necessary* employments, so proper for your sex and station. Indeed I know not *any station* (however exalted) that can possibly exempt a woman at all times from the employment of needle-work. The strongest mind will not always bear to be upon the stretch; and uninterrupted study would *stupidify*, instead of *enlighten* the understanding. Besides, reading, in common requires that we should be in private; at least it is utterly incompatible with a mixed society: and there are many hours in our lives when it may be impossible to pursue that employment, and yet shameful to waste them in idleness. At such times, surely those occupations which no ways interrupt conversation, should be embraced with pleasure; and we should be thankful that our business and amusement may thus be pursued together. It is

an old observation, that "Idleness is the mother of mischief." That is, it is the author and promoter of it, which most undoubtedly is true. For as we are by nature formed for activity, those persons who have no proper business to employ and amuse them, will in all probability fall into mischief. As you did, you know, my love, when you stood and cut my thread to pieces, merely for want of thought, and because your hands were not otherways employed: which had they been, you would have found no temptation to mischief. There are some silly girls, who I know think *work* below their dignity, and only fit for those of lower station. But if they would reflect, that the most illustrious female, of highest rank in this nation, condescends to think it no degradation to her dignity, to employ some of her time in that manner; they surely would blush at entertaining so empty and vain a thought. You will, I suppose, be at no loss to discover, that the person I mean to allude to, is our present most amiable Queen, whose virtues, good sense, and sweetness of manners, have rendered her the love and admiration of all her subjects; and whose name will be handed down with reverence, as long as *Britain* shall continue to flourish. After such an exalted example as is that of her Majesty, I think none of her subjects need be ashamed of being perfect mistresses of the needle. But allowing that some

stations stand not much in need of such employment, either by way of amusement or business, yet in the mediocrity of life, in which you, my dear, are placed, it is an absolute requisite ; and without being thoroughly acquainted with such domestic labours, (whatever your knowledge and learning may be) you never can be qualified to fill with propriety any stage of life. Let me, therefore, my dear *Harriot*, prevail upon you, never to give way to, or encourage a dislike to work ; on the contrary, endeavour to grow so fond of it, as with *pleasure* to do as much as is necessary ; though with far *greater* pleasure you find those hours pass which are dedicated to your books. As the right improvement of the mind is certainly more important than the decorations of the body, so I would always wish, that the cultivation of that should claim a very principle part of your time. And sorry am I, when I find women, who have not families, the care of which necessarily employs those who have, that can prefer passing the whole day, either in idleness, dissipation, or even works of fancy, rather than dedicate any share of it to the acquiring of real and important knowledge, by reading of instructive books. When therefore I recommend needle-work as a necessary object of your regard, I by no means would be understood, to *discourage* your love of reading. On the contrary, I most earnestly wish you to pursue it with unwearied diligence,

gence, as the best means of storing your mind with such proper reflections, as will through every period of your life, be able to afford you true satisfaction, comfort, and amusement, even if you should be engaged in such active scenes, as not to enjoy leisure sufficient to proceed with your studies. Adieu, my dear girl ! You will, I dare say, endeavour to follow the advice I have given you, convinced that it proceeds from my anxious regard for you, and that no one can more ardently wish to behold you good and happy, than does,

Your most affectionate Aunt,

MARTHA BARTLATE.

L E T T E R XVIII.

Mrs. BARTLATE to Miss SEAMORE.

WITHOUT waiting for your answer to my last, I have again taken up my pen, to pursue the subject of that a little longer, so far as relates to your needle-work. The patterns you desired I would send you, I shall inclose in this ; to convince you, how ready I am to comply with all your wishes, so far as lays within my power. But with them I cannot omit a word or two of advice : which is, I should think you had much better not begin either the shoes or ruffles, till you
have

have finished your grandmamma's apron. You like not work, you say. Why then should you engage in so much at once? By being over-powered with it, I am sure you are not likely to become more fond of it. And by having so many pieces in hand, you are in danger of slighting them all. I cannot help thinking it a bad method, to begin one job before another is finished. It necessarily keeps the first long in hand; and if you are tired of it now, you will not be less so, when you have seen it about, so much longer. In my opinion therefore, you had much better finish the apron you are at present doing, before you undertake any thing else; or I think there will be great hazard of it's not being concluded so neatly as it was begun; which will be a thousand pities; though it too commonly is the case of all those pieces of work which are laid by to give place to some new fancy. And never in all my life did I know an instance of a person, who beginning various kinds of work together, finished, or brought any of them to perfection. Some of them indeed might be *ended*, but in such a manner as evidently proved, that the worker grew weary of the task before it was concluded, whilst the numbers that continued *undone*, plainly discovered the fickleness of the person who began them. Don't you remember the contents of Miss *Blight's* work-box? If I recollect, there was a piece of netting, which she said she

was *tired* of, and should not finish; a caul of a cap, a tucker, a pair of ruffles, an embroidered shoe, and a sprigged apron; all of which were thrown by to begin a work-bag, which since has shared the same fate, and for the same reason; *because she grew tired of it*. Now can any thing be more ridiculous, than thus wasting her *time, lawn, muslin, silk, thread, and cotton* to no purpose, but to follow every fancy that presents itself? And must not every body who observes her, pronounce Miss *Blight* to be but a *dawdling* work-woman? I fancy, when you come to reflect upon this subject you will agree with me, and think it better to conclude one thing, before you undertake another. However, if you do not, the patterns are much at your service, and will, I dare say, when worked, look very pretty. When I thus discourage many different works being about at the same time, I do not mean absolutely to confine you *only* to *one*; but *two*, or *three* at the most, I should think quite sufficient. And suppose those were to consist of plain work one morning, your apron (or whatever fancy-work you have in hand) the next, and your netting or doll's cloaths of an evening, when you were not otherways engaged. I fancy if your mamma will be so kind as to let you change them in this manner, you will find variety enough, without undertaking any more. But whatever you do, my love, avoid an idle, indolent habit, of wasting
your

your time without doing any thing ; the most unbecoming a rational creature that can be supposed. Idleness in itself is a very great crime ; but it is almost impossible to be confined to itself. It constantly leads to mischief, and unfits the mind for any thing that is great or noble. And if once we suffer ourselves to fall into such a course, you cannot imagine the prodigious difficulty of getting out of it, and vigorously pursuing our duty. It grows by such imperceptible degrees, that we can not too carefully watch against it. And for this reason we ought always to have some employment ready to occupy us ; nor ever suffer ourselves to dawdle away our time, as if we were at a loss how to spend it to advantage. Idleness will cover a man with rags, was an observation made by the wise king *Solomon*. And most undoubtedly it is a true one. For an idle person will rather appear in the meanest tattered habit, than take the necessary pains to prevent it ; and almost every inconvenience will the slothful submit to, rather than by their own labor avoid it. I some time ago (one very cold morning) called upon two ladies of my acquaintance, who, I am sorry to say, give way to this destructive indolent habit. They were sitting shivering by the fire-side complaining of cold, with the fire burnt nearly to the bottom bar of the grate. I enquired how they came in such severe weather to suffer it to go so low. Why, to tell

you

you the truth, said one of them, the footman is out, and the maids are busy, and we were too *idle* to put any coals on. Whilst I staid, one of them was cutting out some night-caps, which she found great difficulty to do properly upon her lap, as she could not keep the cloth smooth. Should you not do that much easier, said I, if you had a table? Yes indeed I should, she replied, but I was too *lazy* to fetch it. After she had cut her caps, There, said she, I thought to save myself trouble by not going up stairs to fetch a pattern, and I have cut them all too small, and must join them: I wish I had fetched it at first; but I was too *idle* to go. And thus by their idleness they subject themselves to many inconveniencies, and greatly increase their work; which by a little less indolence they might escape, and much better fill the characters of *reasonable* creatures. That you, my dear child, may never fall into this error, so prejudicial both to the health of your body, as well as the vigor of your mind, but profitably divide your hours, between *reading, writing, working, dancing*, and your *innocent diversions*, is the ardent prayer of,

Your affectionate Aunt,

MARTHA BARTLATE.

L E T.

L E T T E R X I X .

Miss SEAMORE to Mrs. BARTLATE.

HONORED MADAM,

I HAVE sewed your two kind letters into the same book as my mamma's ; and I am much obliged to you for them. I certainly shall follow your advice, and not begin any more work till I have finished the apron ; for I think, as you say, I should grow still more tired of it, when it has been so much longer in hand. I very well remember Miss *Blight's* work-box : And there was an handkerchief too, which you forgot to mention ; and you know she cut off the corner that was worked, and gave it to her little niece, and said, There, *Polly*, that will make a fine handkerchief for your doll, for I am sure it will never come to be one for your aunt. Don't you recollect her saying so, Ma'am ? And then all the rest, you know, was wasted. When my mamma read your letter, she said, she thought Miss *Blight* must be a very *dawdling* miss, and if she was her daughter, she should not let her do so. She says she is of the same opinion as you are, and should not chuse I should have many works about at the same time ; for she thinks I then should not do any properly. My
sister

sister is much obliged to Miss *Locket* for offering to alter her work-bag ; but my mamma don't like she should trouble her to do it. She thinks it will not look pretty and civil. Besides, she says, as it was her own choice to have it as it is, she thinks it had better continue so ; for it is ridiculous to alter her mind so often. And so if you please, be so kind as to tell Miss *Locket* that my sister will not trouble her to put in more butterflies. I am to begin next *Monday* to learn to draw, of Mr. *Shade*. I hope he will be good-natured, and I think I shall like it much. Mr. *Quill* was a little angry about my writing yesterday : and said if I do not take great pains with it, I must neither learn to draw, or even write when he is not with me. I am sure I should be very sorry to leave off corresponding with you ; so I must take great care, and mind how I hold my pen, or he will certainly deprive me of that pleasure. To-morrow my sister and I, are to go with my mamma to Mr. *Flight*'s. There is to be a great deal of company, and a number of young folks of our age : and we are to have a dance, and not come home till ten o'clock. My papa and mamma will stay longer ; but my mamma says, she thinks that will be quite late enough for us to be up. I think I am always interrupted when I begin to write. Mr. *Foot* is now come, and I must go to him ;

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so good bye : my dear Ma'am I have scarcely time
to tell you, how sincerely

I am,

Your dutiful Niece,

HARRIOT SEAMORE.

L E T T E R XX.

Mrs. BARTLATE to Miss SEAMORE.

I COULD almost find in my heart to be half
angry with Mr. *Foot*, for coming and making
you leave off your entertaining letter, was it not that
I hope his instruction will be of more material ser-
vice to you, than the continuing to amuse me could
have been. Yes, my love! I say *material* service.
For however the ungraceful may laugh at those
exterior accomplishments they do not themselves
possess; yet, certain it is, that they are of prodigious
importance, towards our gaining the approbation
of the world. Our intimate friends, and those
who are thoroughly acquainted with us, may love
and value us for the *internal* graces of the mind;
but the world in general, who have none other
than *personal* knowledge of us, can only judge by
our *appearance* : and if that is pleasing, and grace-
ful, they naturally like us better, than if awk-
ward and disgusting. Hence arose your partiality

to Miss *Comely*, and your dislike to the Miss *Blunts* and Miss *Slouch*. You were perfectly unacquainted with the characters of all; and consequently could form no just judgement of the merits or demerits of any of them. And yet, Miss *Comely* instantly attracted your notice: and when I enquired which you liked best? You answered, O! Miss *Comely*, ten thousand times. And this, my love, was for no other reason than because she behaved the most gracefully and polite. Every body who sees them, gives the preference like you, to Miss *Comely*. And yet the Miss *Blunts*, and Miss *Slouch*, are full as *good* girls, and as attentive to their learning as she is. Yet, from their awkward manner of walking, setting, moving, their taking bones in their fingers when at dinner, their filling their mouths till their cheeks stick out when they eat; drinking without wiping their lips; their rude way of staring, and uncivil method of speaking without saying, Sir, or Ma'am; people conclude that they must either be stupid, or else *naughty* girls to behave in so disagreeable a manner. Now if it was necessary that the cultivation, and improvement of the mind must be neglected, when the exterior graces are attended to, I would readily allow that they ought to be given up as unworthy of our regard. But when that is not the case, when they by no means interfere with each other; and we may as diligently pursue each mental qualification

cation, whilst we hold up our heads, and move genteelly, as if we stooped, and threw ourselves into ungain postures; and may have just as much knowledge, and learning, when we behave civilly, and politely, as if we were rude, and disagreeable; it then is a sad ridiculous neglect, to omit the care of our persons, and manners. Indeed it prevents our doing so much good in the world as we might. For people will not follow our good advice half so readily when we behave rudely and disagreeably, as if they saw us look graceful and pleasing. Any thing Miss *Locket* or Miss *Comely* recommend as fit for you to do, you always think right to be done; because, they appear as if they *knew* what was proper. But when Miss *Slouch* advised you to do your work with finer thread, as it would make it look much neater, you doubted whether it would have that effect. Don't you remember saying, "Miss *Slouch* thinks I had better use finer thread; she says it will look much perttier; but I don't think she knows what thread will do best." And when I asked, *why* that was your opinion? You answered, because she don't look as if she understood what was pretty or ugly. And so, my dear, in every instance through life, you may depend upon it, that those people will be *most* attended to, who behave *best*. Always therefore, my dear *Harriot*, endeavour to let your words and actions be spoken
and

and performed in the most unexceptionable manner you can: and never be ashamed of trying to be civil, and to behave well. Your own good sense, will, I doubt not, inform you when it is proper for you to speak, and when to be silent. But constantly try to please every body. And whether you stand, or sit, or walk, or run, or jump, or dance, or whatever you do, always move easily, and genteelly; without throwing yourself into rude, and disagreeable postures. I am glad to hear you are going to learn to draw. I think it is an employment which will afford you much entertainment: not only during the time you are drawing, but will likewise much encrease your pleasure, and help you to discover fresh beauties in every object that presents itself. You cannot imagine with how much additional pleasure you will observe every *prospect*, every *insect*, and every *flower*, when once you are a thorough mistress of the art. There are ten thousand beauties in the most common objects, visible to the discerning eye of a painter, which are totally neglected, and overlooked by those who are ignorant of that delightful accomplishment. I dare say you will give proper attention to the directions of Mr. *Shade*, and then you will be under no apprehensions that he will not be good-humoured. Children who behave well, and always endeavour to follow the advice of their teachers, have seldom any reason to complain of their treatment. It is

the naughty, careless, and inattentive, who find them *ill-natured*, as they call it. That is, the scholars will not apply to business; and then the master is obliged to be angry, and find some method of punishment, to make them more diligent, and careful. Mr. *Quill's* instructions I hope you listen to, with great attention, as it is of prodigious importance to write a good hand with ease, and fluency: nor will you ever be able to do it; unless now, whilst you are beginning to write, you carefully endeavour at all times to shape your letters according to the copy given you by your master. Already you begin to take pleasure in writing to your absent friends: and I dare say you will find that pleasure daily encrease, in proportion as you improve in your writing. We all like doing those things, which we can perform, with the most ease, and greatest perfection. By therefore excelling in writing, drawing, and music, what a store of pleasure do we ensure to ourselves, for those hours of our life, when more necessary employments do not demand our attention. Pleasures, which whilst they amuse, neither *fatigue* our *bodies*, *dissipate* our *minds*, or *waste* that *money* which *publick* entertainments require. A young person, who at her leisure moments has such an agreeable resource of amusements within her own power, seldom has any very great desire to join in those fashionable diversions

of public life, which, if frequently repeated, become extremely prejudicial both to the health of the body and the mind. I therefore greatly rejoice when I hear of your improvements in any of those elegant accomplishments; and sincerely hope you will become so good a proficient in them, as not often to wish for any farther amusement, than your *books*, your *writing*, your *music*, your *drawing*, your *work*, and the society of your friends, will be capable of affording you. Adieu! my dear girl! May success attend your new undertaking. And may you *deservedly* continue to be the object of the tenderest regard of

Your truly affectionate Aunt,

MARTHA BARTLATE.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE IV.

MAMMA, HARRIOT, and BETSY.

BETSY.

PRAY, Ma'am, did you hear how Miss *Snap* spoke to the maid yesterday?

MAMMA. I don't recollect what she said *yesterday*; I often have remarked her manner of speaking, and been greatly astonished at her rudeness.

BETSY. I am sure she spoke very droll, when she asked for some water yesterday.

MAMMA. Pray what did she say?

BETSY. Why she said, *Mary, bring me some water! Make haste, and bring it this moment! If you don't fetch it directly I will fling it in your face, I promise you, when it comes! So make haste!*

MAMMA. And do you call that *droll, Betsy*? I cannot say I do; for I think it extremely disagreeable; and not only a disagreeable manner of speaking, but also a very wicked one.

HARRIOT. Why, Ma'am, is it wicked?

MAMMA. Because, my dear, to speak in that cross, rude, insolent way to any body, is wicked.

BETSY. But it was only to the *servant*. She would not have spoke so to any body else.

MAMMA. *Only to the servant!* Pray, is not a servant like another person? I know of no diffe-

rence, I am sure, between servants and masters, excepting that they are poorer : but having less money in their possession makes no alteration in their persons. I suppose, though Miss *Snap's* maid is a *servant*, she has ears, and can hear whether people speak civil, or rude ; good-humoured, or cross to her as well as if she was a *lady* ; and therefore it is equally naughty to behave unkindly to *servants*, as to any *lady*, let her station be as high as it may.

HARRIOT. But are not *servants* to do our business for us ?

MAMMA. Yes, that business which they undertake, and say they will do, they doubtless ought to perform ; otherwise they break their words, and take their wages for nothing ; which would be wicked on their parts : but it is *as* wicked for us to be cross and unkind to them, or to expect them to do more than is just and reasonable. God has for, wise and good reasons, (though we know not what they are) made a difference in the fortunes of mankind : but though some are rich and others poor, yet he loves them all equally well, provided they behave equally good ; and the only cause of his regarding one person more than another, is upon account of superior virtue. It is not the number of guineas a man possesses that can, in the smallest degree, gain him the favour of the Lord ; but the number of *vir-*

tues he practices: and the *meanest servant*, or *poorest beggar* in the world (provided she is a good woman, and behaves well) is infinitely more valuable in the sight of God, than the richest *lady*, if she is wicked: and every body is wicked who behaves proudly, cross,, and peevish, to their fellow creatures. Our *servants* are as much our fellow creatures, as any body can be; and therefore it is our duty to behave as well to them as we can; and always endeavour to make them as happy as possible. If they are poor, and obliged to work for their living, we should pity them for the trouble they are forced to have; but it is most unkind and cruel to speak cross to them. With regard to *servants*, as well as every body else, we should always use them as we should ourselves wish to be used if we were in their places: so if we were *servants*, and should not like to be told we should have water thrown in our faces, we should not say so to them, or do any thing we should not like to have done to us.

HARRIOT. But I should not like to scower the rooms, and wash dirty cloaths if I was a maid, so then should not I let my *servants* do it because I should not like it myself?

MAMMA. But if you was a *servant*, when you was hired you would agree to scower, and wash, though you did not like it; and doing those kind of things is what you would be paid for:
and

and as you would think it very unjust in your *mistress*, not to give you the money she promised you; so would it be as unjust in *you*, not to do the work you promised to do for that money. To let *servants* therefore do those things which they agree and expect to do, is not unkind, because it is business they earn their money by: as much as your papa earns his by the business he transacts in the counting house. But when they engage to serve for their food and wages, they never suppose people will threaten to throw water in their faces, and speak so extremely cross. I assure you, if Miss *Snap* had been my child, she should have gone without having any water at all; nor should she have had any assistance afforded her by the *servants*, till she learnt to behave more properly to them. Let those people who despise *servants*, and speak cross to them, because they are *poor*, think what they would do without their help; and if they should not like to clean the house, wash the dishes and dirty cloaths, and dress their own victuals, let them be very thankful to those who do such disagreeable services for them, and express their thankfulness by constant kindness and civility. I don't know what Miss *Snap* may think of her conduct, but I would not behave so on any consideration. I should think myself extremely wicked indeed. I am sure I should much sooner deserve to be scolded for such ill-nature,

than

than the maid did because she was only a *servant*. Let me beg of you, my dears, never to talk in that ridiculous manner, as if it was immaterial how *servants* were treated : remember, *servants* are of the same nature as ourselves, created by the same God, have the same feelings, and will after this life is ended, be admitted into the same Heaven ; provided they have properly fulfilled their duties. Don't you remember the story our Saviour tells, related in the 16th chapter of St. *Luke*, of a poor miserable *beggar*, who was treated with neglect by a very rich man ; and yet because he was *good*, God loved him, and when he died received him into Heaven ; whilst the *rich man*, for his unkindness and contempt of *Lazarus*, and his other evil deeds, was after his death tormented in the ceaseless torments of Hell fire ? This story, my dears, is not recorded to be disregarded, but for our advantage, to instruct us how to behave ; and acquaints us, that it is not *riches* or *poverty* that insures the favour of God ; but *goodness* and *virtue* which will gain his love.

HARRIOT. I remember that history very well, but I never thought much about it, though I think I shall now. You say it was written to instruct us ?

BETSY. I don't quite recollect it, I will go fetch the book and read it, shall I, Ma'am.

MAMMA.

MAMMA. Yes, my dear, and attend to it, and learn from the dreadful fate of the *rich man*, never to behave unkindly to those who are poor.

D I A L O G U E V.

M A M M A and B E T S Y.

MAMMA.

I WAS in hopes, that after the discourse we had yesterday, neither of you, my dear children, would ever have been guilty of the same crimes; but if I am not mistaken, I heard you, *Betsy*, speak very rudely to *Susan*. When you asked for your frock, you quite forgot to say *pray*, and only said, “*Susan*, put my frock on! And when she had dressed you, instead of thanking her for the trouble she had taken, you run away without saying a word. How came you, my love, to behave so exceedingly rude? I don’t like you should speak so, indeed I don’t. If you had been desiring a *lady* to put on your frock, I am sure you would have said *pray*, and why therefore did you not to *Susan*?

BETSY. To a lady I should have said, pray, *Ma’am*! Should I say, *Ma’am*, to *Susan*?

MAMMA. No. To call her *Ma’am*, would only be insulting her, as that is not the title proper for her station; and you should always be careful to

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address

addresses people by their proper titles : if you was speaking to the King or Queen, you should say your *Majesty* ; if to a Prince or Princess, your *Royal Highness* ; if to a Duke or Dutchess, your *Grace* ; if to a Lord or Lady, your *Lordship* or *Ladyship* ; if to a Commoner, *Sir* or *Ma'am* ; if to your servant, *John* or *Susan*, or whatever their names are ; and to call *them* Sir, or Ma'am, would be as ridiculous as to say to *me*, your *Ladyship*. But then, my dear, though the custom of the country is thus to distinguish people of different ranks by different epithets, yet politeness, civility, good-humor, and affability are due to all : and I would no more suffer myself to speak rudely and cross to my *servants* than I would to my *superior*.

BETSY. If you wanted to ask the Queen to put on your frock what would you say ?

MAMMA. To make such a request to her Majesty in any terms, would be exceedingly improper, and unbecoming the station of any subject ; but if I wanted any body of my acquaintance to do such a thing for me, I should say, I am sorry, Ma'am, to be so troublesome ; but if you would be so obliging as to pin my frock, I should esteem it a favor. And when she has done, I should make her a very handsome curtesy, and say, I am sure, Ma'am, I am greatly obliged to you, I am sorry to have given you so much trouble.

BETSY.

BETSY. And if it was the maid you was speaking to, what should you say?

MAMMA. To the maid I should say, "If you are at leisure, *Susan*, I should be obliged to you if you would pin on my frock." And when she had done, I would say, "Thank you, *Susan*, for dressing me." And don't you think that would sound much prettier, than, *Susan*, put on my frock? And that those children who speak so civilly, will be much more beloved than those who behave so rudely? If you was a servant yourself, which do you imagine you should like best?

BETSY. Those who behave best.

MAMMA. Certainly you would; and so does every body. I know there are a great many children, who, like Miss *Snap*, think it of no importance in what manner they speak to *servants*, and those people who happen to be poorer than themselves: but they are greatly mistaken: and it is full as wicked to behave amiss to *them*, as to persons of higher rank: and they should consider what I told you yesterday, that God regards the *poor* as much as the *rich*; nor ever loves one person better than another, but upon account of superior *goodness*. If therefore those who are blessed with affluence, despise and ill-treat those who suffer all the troubles of poverty, they must justly expect in the world to come, when all wickedness shall be punished, and all virtue rewarded, that

they shall be most severely recompenced for their pride and ill-nature ; whilst the *poor*, who patiently bore all their afflictions, and meekly submitted to the rudeness of the *rich*, shall be admitted into the kingdom of Heaven, and be amply comforted for all their sufferings. I would wish you, my dear, to consider and reflect upon these things ; and then I think you will never permit yourself upon any account to behave rudely, or speak crossly either to *servants*, or any body else. We were all created to be mutual comforts and assistances to each other ; and if by any misconduct, we become troublesome, and disagreeable to our fellow creatures, we then answer not the end for which we were born ; and consequently are very wicked, and displeasing to Almighty God. I hope therefore, my love, you will consider, what I have now told you, and you may assure yourself, that how *mean*, and much below you, you may imagine *servants*, and poor people to be, you discover much greater meanness in *yourself*, every time you speak rudely and unkindly to them. A person of true politeness, knows how to demean herself properly to every body, of every rank in life ; and if you do not, you evidently prove that you know not how to behave like a young lady. You will remember, I hope, what I have said, and never act so foolishly again.

DIALOGUE VI.

MAMMA, HARRIOT, and BETSY.

MAMMA.

I WONDER which of my girls will discover most resolution to-day when Mr. *Dentist* comes?

HARRIOT. What is he coming for? Is he not a tooth drawer?

MAMMA. Yes, my dear he is, and he is coming to examine your mouths, and take out some of your teeth which require drawing.

BETSY. I hope he will not take out any of mine?

MAMMA. That, my love, he undoubtedly will, for I am sure there are two of your's which must be drawn: one is quite loose, and the other must be removed to make room for a new one which is coming through your gum.

BETSY. But it will hurt me?

MAMMA. The one which is tight, I fear will; but you must not mind that, it will soon be over, and if it would not, you must not mind it; for it is necessary to be done.

BETSY. But I don't like to be hurt, indeed I don't, Ma'am.

MAMMA. No body I fancy likes to be hurt;

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but when it is for our greater advantage to suffer a present uneasiness, it would be very ridiculous not to submit to it quietly.

HARRIOT. For my part I shall keep my mouth shut, and not let Mr. *Dentist* look at my teeth.

MAMMA. O, *Harriot* ! I beg you will not talk in that simple manner. Not open your mouth ! You quite surprise me. Should you chuse to behave like a cowardly child, who has not resolution to suffer any degree of pain ? Fie ! I should be ashamed to think of such a thing ! For whose advantage do you think it is Mr. *Dentist* will draw them ? Those that come out will be of no sort of service to him ; but if they continue in, will either make your new teeth come crooked, or occasion you great uneasiness and pain : they will not disturb him : it is therefore entirely for your sake that he wants to look into your mouth, and take out your teeth. After therefore he has troubled himself by coming so far, to afford you assistance, I beg you will not think of behaving in so foolish a manner as to keep your mouth shut, or make the least resistance to his drawing as many as are necessary.

HARRIOT. But how much will it hurt me, Ma'am ?

MAMMA. I cannot possibly describe exactly *how much* the operation will hurt you ; but whether it
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is a great deal or only a little, it *must* absolutely be done: to no purpose therefore will it be, for you to endeavour to keep your mouth shut; if you do, Mr. *Dentist* no doubt will find some method of opening it, and you may be certain, the more you move about the more he will be obliged to hurt you. Nobody can ever *like* to be in pain: our nature always would wish to avoid it; but when we must unavoidably suffer, it is the height of folly to make great lamentations. If crying and groaning would mitigate the smart, there would be some reason for so doing, but when that is not the case, when all the screaming in the world will not lessen the pain tooth drawing necessarily occasions, it certainly is then very ridiculous to say much about it.

BETSY. But if it should be very bad what must we do?

MAMMA. Not any thing, my dear; but sit still, and it will be over in a minute. I should be very sorry to have you cry about having a tooth out. I have had several drawn, but never made the least noise, I assure you.

HARRIOT. Did they hurt you much, Ma'am?

MAMMA. Violently indeed.

HARRIOT. How did you help it then?

MAMMA. When I sat down, I made a resolution that I would not. I considered that crying, or making a noise, would not render the operation less painful; and would only make the tooth-drawer think

think me a sad simple woman, not to be able to bear pain quietly without crying out. I should have been much ashamed of myself to have behaved otherways; for it is a sign of a very weak, cowardly spirit, not to be able to suffer in silence.

BETSY. I hope we shall not cry!

MAMMA. I hope so indeed! I should be very sorry if I thought you would; and I fancy if you endeavour not, you will find it very possible to avoid it. But then, *Betsy*, if you would wish to have resolution in great things, you should constantly exert it in small ones; and never regard such trifles as a cut, or a bruise, or any of those little accidents, for if you permit yourself to attend to such slight uneasiness, you never will be able to support with fortitude more material sufferings. But I would not have you think the operation you are to undergo, will be very violent; for such small teeth as your's do not hurt half so bad as when grown peoples are taken out. I hope therefore you will not mind it, for though the pain should be bad, still it will be over in a minute.

LET-

L E T T E R XXI.

Miss SEAMORE to Mrs. BARTLATE.

DEAR MADAM,

I N my last letter, I told you I was going with my papa and mamma to Mr. *Flight's*, where we were to have a dance: which we had. There were fourteen of us, so we had seven couple; I mean of us young folks; for there were a great many gentlemen and ladies. We had a very agreeable evening indeed, and every body were much pleased, and all very good-humoured, excepting a Miss *Vain*, who was not at all agreeable. She behaved very ugly indeed: and two or three times she was affronted with us, and set down, and would not dance, or speak to any body. I am sure you would be puzzled to think what it was discomposed her; but I will tell you. Once was, because Miss *Right* tore the flounce of her apron almost off: so she asked Miss *Vain* if she could lend her a needle and thread. "I lend you a needle and thread! (said she.) Pray, Miss, do you take me for your *servant*, to expect I shall trouble myself to carry thread and needles for you? No, indeed! I never carry such things in my pocket! nor ever will!" Now pray, Ma'am, don't you think she was very ridiculous to talk in such a manner?

manner? I am sure I do! So she sat by herself, and would not speak for a long time. At last her partner persuaded her to dance once more; but soon after, master *James Clayton* trod upon her toe, and she would not believe that he did not do it for the purpose, though he assured her he did not; but she cried out, "Yes you did, you only did it to affront me, and I won't be trampled upon by any body." After she had got the better of this, and began dancing again, she received a still worse affront than any she had met with before; and that was by Miss *Smith's* asking her, whether she made her own shifts? "Make my own shifts! (she replied) no, nor wash them either! Nor scower the rooms! Nor make the beds! What in the world do you take me for? Do I look then like a common servant, that you ask me such questions? But I see you all want to affront me, though I won't be used so; that I won't!" So down she sat again; and neither danced or spoke all the rest of the evening. We all wished she had been at home; for it sadly distressed us to have her set by so cross: and when Mrs. *Flight* came down to see us for a little while, she burst out a crying, and said the young gentlemen and ladies did all they could to vex her; upon which Miss *Smith* told Mrs. *Flight* all that had past; but she only said, I am extremely sorry you cannot all agree, and be good humoured and merry

merry together; but I must confess I think Miss *Vain* had no occasion to be offended at Miss *Smith's* question, since it certainly can be no disgrace to any young lady to make a shift. *Not* to be able to make one, is indeed a shame for any girl past seven years old: but I never heard that to be a good work-woman was a disparagement to any body. She then went to Miss *Vain*, and took her by the hand, advising her at the same time to dance again, and not regard such a trifle. But she would not, and only said she never was thought so *meanly* of before, and never was so badly used. So when Mrs. *Flight* found she could not persuade her into good humour, she said she was sorry to see her so much discomposed, and then left us, and went up stairs again; and nobody took any notice of her all the rest of the evening; but we all danced together, whilst she sat by in the pouts. I wonder what she said to her mamma about it; and what her mamma said to her! I cannot tell though; for my sister and I came home at ten o'clock, and she staid later. I have had two lessons from Mr. *Shade*: he seems very good-natured, and says he thinks I shall draw very well in time. I hope I shall; for I think it will be very amusing, to paint and draw like Miss *Locket*. When I can draw well enough, I intend to take the likeness of my sister's kitten, and your canary-bird: it is very well, and is at this minute singing as loud as it can. My
mamma

mamma often says, she thinks he makes more noise than all the birds in the air, and all her three children added to them, which I am sure is enough; for I cannot say when we are at play we are very silent; but indeed your bird does out scream us all; though, poor fellow, last week we thought he never would sing any more. He had been hopping about the parlour, and was gone into his cage again; but we forgot to shut the door, and all went up stairs to dress, and left him with it open: and when we were gone, the cat (not my sister's kitten, but old *Flip*) jumped upon the cage, and certainly would have killed him, had not my papa very fortunately happened to go into the room before she got him out; but her paw was in the cage trying to reach him, which she could not do whilst he clung to the opposite wires. However, poor thing, though he was not hurt, he was so much frightened, that we thought he would have died; for he was very sick for three days, and never once sung a single note for a week; but he seems now to want to make up for his lost time. As I have written to the bottom of my paper, and my hand begins to ache, I will not begin another sheet, but here put a conclusion to my letter, assuring you that I am,

My dear Madam,

Your dutiful and affectionate Niece,

HARRIOT SEAMORE.

LET-

L E T T E R XXII.

Mrs. BARTLATE to Miss SEAMORE.

AND so when I entrust my child to your protection, you *forget* to take proper care of him, but go to dress, and leave him to the care of an hungry cat. O! you are a pretty careful nurse, are you not, *Harriot*? What do you think I should have said to you the next time I saw you, and enquired after *Dickey*, to have been told, Why, old *Flip* has eat him. Don't you think that would have been a pretty account to have given me of my child? But seriously, I am very glad old *Flip's* arm was not quite long enough to hand him out of the cage; for had it been, her teeth, old as she is, I dare answer for it, would have been sharp enough to have cracked every bone in his skin; and I should have been very sorry to have had him die such a painful death. I dare say, poor thing, the fright it experienced during the time the cat was hanging upon the cage, must have been dreadful, could he have described it; and his rejoicing no less sincere, when your papa entered, and released him from his enemy. Though dumb creatures have not, I suppose,

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pose, the thought and reflection which the rational creation are blessed with, yet, I doubt not they as sensibly feel all corporeal sufferings as we do; and for that reason I cannot help thinking it extremely wicked to hurt and torment them, as too many thoughtless people are apt to do. It is astonishing to me, how reasonable creatures can so divest themselves of humanity, as to misuse those animals that never injured them, or express the least design of doing it: on the contrary, many seem ready to perform all the good offices to man which they are any ways capable of. As for instance, the horse, what prodigious advantage do we not reap from his industry and labor? Almost half the benefits we now enjoy would be unknown to us, was it not for the docility of this most valuable beast. The utility we likewise find from the cow, your constant breakfast and supper sufficiently prove. The ass likewise, although neither in strength, swiftness, or beauty, can be compared with the horse, is also a very serviceable animal; whilst the extraordinary faithfulness of the dogs, to protect either the persons or properties of their owners, shews, that though they may be without that superior sense and reason, which distinguishes our species from the other animal creation, yet they have something in their natures, which in some degree supplies their place; and ought to engage our tenderness and care. Nor can I, whilst thus enumerating some

few

few of those creatures that shew favor to mankind, pass over unnoticed that domestic animal the cat: who, though her real service may consist mostly in destroying vermin, yet seems to form as strong attachments towards those who use her kindly, as do any of the above-mentioned beasts. Your old *Flip*, to be sure, was guilty of a great breach of politeness, in so rudely attacking my bird; but so tractable is their nature, that if whilst they are young they are broke of stealing what is not given them, they never attempt to do it, unless driven to the greatest extremity of hunger. I acknowledge, that unless the lesson of honesty is *taught* them, they naturally would devour whatever they could get; and so would men too, if they never had been instructed otherwise. But though cats naturally would eat whatever they found agreeable to their palates, yet that in no degree contradicts what I advance in their favor; and I would dare answer for it, that the two cats we have, might be left in a room full of either living or dead chickens, or any other dish they are most fond of, and would not presume to touch one mouthful till it was given them. Perhaps, *Harriot*, you may smile, and think it is partiality to my cats, makes me answer more for them than they deserve; but I do assure you I do not: for their honesty is daily put to the test, as the cook constantly leaves them in full possession of the pantry, to drive away the rats;

whose honesty I cannot say so much for, and who have unfortunately found their way into it. I suppose now you think, they a little forget themselves the morning your milk was lapped up; but I must beg leave to inform you, for the honor of my cats, that robbery was not committed by either of our own, but by a vagrant, who had broke through the lattice of the window, and of whose *education* I fancy little care had been taken. And now having enlarged a little upon their good qualities, I will quit the subject, earnestly hoping, that neither you, or any one who has the smallest pretensions to rationality, will ever so far degrade the dignity of human nature, as to treat with cruelty those creatures whose power is unable, or gentleness too great, to defend themselves, or injure any one.

I was greatly obliged to you for the account of your evening's entertainment at Mr. *Flight's*, and much should have enjoyed being among you, or looking and seeing so many all dancing and merrily together; but I was hurt to hear of the sad naughty behaviour of Miss *Vain*. I think I never heard of any thing more truly ridiculous, and cannot help wondering how any body could so behave. Pray, do you know whether it is *true*, that she never does any plain work? Certainly she must have added falsehood to her other crimes, when she said so; for it must be impossible that her mamma
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can indulge her to so extravagant a length, as not to make her learn to work, whether she likes it or not. If she does, I really think her more blameable than her daughter; as her age and experience ought to have taught her more wisdom, and convinced her of the absolute necessity of a young person's learning to do *every* thing they can. I would not wish a young lady at all times to be employed in works of notability, or domestic business; but I would have them *acquainted* with each branch, so that they may be able to know when they are properly performed, and thus be qualified to overlook and direct others, in case they are not obliged to act in them themselves. But how often in life is it seen, that those who flattered themselves with being above any kind of employment, but such as amusement afforded, have been reduced to the necessity of working hard for their livelihood, either through real unavoidable misfortunes, or else undue extravagance. I dare say you recollect going with me to visit Mrs. *Froth*, and seeing her little boy play with guineas, as *Tom* does with halfpence to make them spin. She has nine children, some of them grown up, and they have always been brought up not only in the most genteel, but I may add, *extravagant* manner. Dancing, music, and drawing, were the chief of their accomplishments: all the *more* useful improvements being neglected, to leave time for those. Their

dress has been of the most elegant kind, nor did they ever concern themselves in any degree to preserve their cloaths ; thinking they might have more as soon as they were worn out. They not only thought it below their dignity to dress themselves, but even to put away, or fetch any thing they wanted. One day I called upon them, and asked Miss *Froth* and Miss *Peggy* to take a walk? They accepted of my offer, and rang the bell for their maid to fetch them their hats and cloaks. After she had brought them, and was gone again, Miss *Peggy* changed her mind, and chose to have her bonnet ; accordingly the bell was rang, and again the maid sent up stairs for it. Afterwards her sister liked not the gloves she had in her pocket, but chose a pair she had left in her bed chamber. Again the maid was dispatched to change them ; and no sooner had she brought them down, than Miss *Peggy* once more told her to go fetch her muff. When she had taken these four walks, I observed, the maid must be almost tired of going up and down stairs. “ O dear ! I should never think of that ! (said Miss *Froth*) I apprehend a *servant* may go up and down as often as we please to send her.” I thought this a sad unfeeling speech, not at all like a person who considers rightly, that *servants* can feel *tired* as well as their superiors. I said no more about it. I dare say Miss *Froth* little regarded having so expressed herself, perhaps never thought

thought of that, or a thousand things of the same nature, till within the last month, when all their happiness has been annihilated, by some of their father's trades-people, to whom he owed large sums, insisting on being paid. Mr. *Froth* in vain tried to persuade them to rest contented for some little time longer: they would not; and when his affairs came to be examined, he had not sufficient to pay one half what he owed; consequently the whole family are involved in the greatest distress, and from living in the exalted manner I have described, are reduced to being destitute of a single farthing in the world, and must be obliged to go to service and work for their daily bread. I dare say Miss *Froths* have already altered their opinions relating to *servants*, and now think that kindness and good-humour are as requisite to be shewn towards *them* as to any body. Such misfortunes as these, my love, so frequently happen, that no one should esteem themselves secure from meeting with them, however prosperous they may at present be. The Miss *Froths* as little expected to be reduced to poverty, as Miss *Vain* can possibly do; but no doubt they would now be extremely glad had they been instructed in the necessary business of plain-work, and every other species of notability, as well as the more ornamental acquisitions of music and dancing. I fear I shall run my letter to such a length, that you will be tired of reading it, otherwise

wife I could much enlarge on the behaviour of Miss *Vain*; but as I must have a little consideration for your patience, I will defer my remarks on that head till another opportunity, and am, my dear *Harriot*,

Your affectionate Aunt,

MARTHA BARTLATE.

L E T T E R XXIII.

Mrs. BARTLATE to Miss SEAMORE.

I THINK you cannot have a more striking instance of the unavoidable unhappiness which constantly attends want of good-humour, than in the behaviour of Miss *Vain*. You say, you all joined in wishing she had been at home; because it was so distressing to see her set by, so much out of temper, and refusing to partake of your amusements. I don't wonder such was the wish of every one: I am sure I should have joined in it had I been of the party; as I don't know any thing much more disagreeable, than to be in company with a person who is in an ill-humour, and refuses being pleased with any thing: but if it is distressing to be witness to such folly, it is ten thousand times more painful to endure the feeling of it; *so* painful,

ful, that I verily believe, the wretchedness it occasions, farther removes the heart which harbours it from happiness, than any affliction in the world besides. In other sorrows, let them be as distressing as they may, still the pious sufferer will find comfort in the reflection, that they are the allotment of the Almighty God, who only inflicts them for our good; and if they are supported with that patience and resignation which they ought to be, will, in the world to come, greatly reward us for all we now endure. Whereas, the heart that suffers itself to be agitated by spleen and ill-nature, can find no consolation to abate its anguish: its sufferings arise wholly from itself; and as it is impossible to fly *from itself*, it must always carry its wretchedness along with it, into whatever company it goes: and to this cause it was owing, that Miss *Vain*, though in the company of so many agreeable playfellows, and every thing around to conspire to please her, yet could enjoy none of the amusements, because her own heart was under the influence of *crossness* and *ill-humour*, which constantly destroys every spark of pleasure. You saw how truly uncomfortable she *appeared*; and you may assure yourself that she *felt* more so than she looked to be; and as she advances in life, unless she conquers the badness of her temper, you may depend upon it, she will but increase in wretchedness; and the effects of her crime will still farther diffuse itself,

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and be felt by all with whom she is connected. If she continues to live with her parents in a single state, what pleasure can they find in her company, while she is perpetually out of temper, and affronted with every trifling incident which occurs. Or if she should happen to marry, how unhappy must she, by such methods, render her husband and all her family? If she should chance to have children, only think, my love, what miserable little creatures they must be under the direction of such a mother. How do you suppose she would the other night, when so much discomposed, have treated any body as much in her power as children are in their parents? No doubt if she could, she would have scolded and beat all who came in her way, and in the smallest degree offended her. Consider then, *Harriot*, the dreadful consequences of ill temper; it is a sin, the evil effects of which, spread through whole families, much interrupts the happiness of any with whom it is connected, and utterly destroys all peace in the bosom of those who suffer it. Guard against it then, my love, with all the care a thing of such vast importance deserves, and never upon any account allow yourself to be sullen, or out of humour. I know you are a good girl, and wish to ensure not only the love of all your earthly friends, but also the favor of your Heavenly Father. But that, my dear child, can never be obtained, but by obeying his commands,

mands, and governing your life according to the rules he has given; which none can be said to do, who behave unkindly, and suffer themselves to be fretful, soon offended, sulkey, or cross. For he has commanded us to love one another; not to be easily offended, but to be meek and gentle, kind and tender hearted one towards another; and at all times to endeavour to promote the happiness of each other: and unless we obey and follow these commands, we can never be esteemed good and sincere christians; for we have no further title to that holy name, than as we endeavour to imitate the example of *Christ*, who himself condescended to set us a pattern, which it is our duty to copy, as far as we can; for not even upon the greatest provocations, and the most cruel treatment, did *he* ever suffer himself to be out of temper or affronted; but on the contrary, to his greatest enemies he behaved with gentleness, kindly forgave them all their injurious abuse, and prayed to God to do so likewise. And this, my dear, is the conduct we are bound to imitate in our dealings towards one another, if we would be thought to be his disciples; or if we would wish to gain the approbation of the Lord. You, my dear girl, will, I doubt not, consider all these things with great attention, and at all times so regulate your temper, and behave with such gentleness and good-humour, as to ensure yourself the love and respect

of

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of all who know you here, and never ending happiness in the kingdom of heaven hereafter. That you may so conduct yourself as to obtain such blessings, is the constant prayer of,

Your affectionate Aunt,

MARTHA BARTLATE,

DIALOGUE

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DIALOGUE VII.

MAMMA, HARRIOT, and BETSY.

HARRIOT.

PRAY, Ma'am, may Miss *Right* come here this afternoon?

MAMMA. Yes, my dear, if you please.

BETSY. And, pray Ma'am, may Miss *Bounce* come too?

MAMMA. No, my love, not Miss *Bounce*.

BETSY. Why may not Miss *Bounce* come as well as Miss *Right*?

MAMMA. I do not chuse she should; I do not like her so well.

BETSY. Why don't you?

MAMMA. Because she is not so good a girl. I don't think she behaves well, and for that reason I do not chuse she should be much with you: she uses very ugly words, acts rudely, does not mind what is said to her, pokes her head, makes a great noise, and what is still worse than all the rest, she does not always speak the truth; and when once a person will tell lies, they may, for any thing I know to the contrary, do every thing that is wicked; for there is no dependance upon them.

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BETSY.

BETSY. But she is very good-natured ! I like her vastly !

MAMMA. She may be very good-natured perhaps ; but I am sure she is not a good child : nobody who tells lies can be good, or be a proper companion for you.

BETSY. But she don't *often* tell fibs.

MAMMA. I think she has done such a thing twice, which is very often indeed, as she must know it is extremely wicked.

BETSY. But she says, at her school many of the children tell fibs very often, and yet it is but seldom they are found out.

MAMMA. If they were never *found out* (as you call it) that would not in any degree make their crime the less ; the sin consists in speaking what is *not true*, not in being detected. Suppose I was to ask you whether you had been in the drawing-room to-day, and you was to answer me *no*, your wickedness would be just the same, whether I afterwards found you had, or still remained ignorant of it : but however, my love, whether the falsity is discovered or not, still God, who observes our every action, and every word, would be acquainted with it. From his knowledge it is impossible to conceal either that, or any other sin : and our chief care should be, so to behave at all times as we are convinced he will approve. I would upon no account do any thing which he has for-

bidden,

hidden, though I could be sure that no creature on earth would ever be informed of it; and I cannot help being sorry, *Betsy*, to find you can argue in defence of so detestable a vice as that of lying, upon condition that the falsehood is concealed. I was in hopes that you had more goodness and honor, than to try to excuse so terrible a sin. I suppose if any temptation was to present itself, and you thought you could escape undiscovered, you would not hesitate committing it yourself?

BETSY. Yes indeed, Ma'am, I should! I am sure I never tell lies; nor ever did in my life; nor ever will; only Miss *Bounce* says there is not *much* harm in it.

MAMMA. Can you wonder then that I should object to your keeping company with a person who so little attends to what is *right* or *wrong*, as to say there is not much *harm* in committing so dreadful a sin? It is a sign that she must either be extremely wicked, or else most deplorably ignorant; but as this is impossible to be the case, and she must have been informed of the bad effects of *deceit* and *falsehood*, she can be no other than a very naughty, wicked girl, so wicked that I do not chuse you should be with her. I am sorry to refuse you the company of any body who gives you pleasure; but I cannot permit you, for the sake of a little present entertainment, to run the hazard of being corrupted by such a naughty girl.

HARRIOT. Do you like Miss *Right* should be with us ?

MAMMA. Yes ! Miss *Right*'s love of truth is so great, that she would not upon any account be prevailed upon to transgress against it : an instance of her veracity I had an opportunity of observing one day that I went to see her mamma, whilst you *Harriot*, was at your aunt's. She had been walking out with her papa : when she came in, Mrs. *Right* told her to change her bonnet, before she went into the garden to play with her brothers, as she would otherwise be liable of getting it either torn or dirtied. No, Ma'am, says she, I shall not, I will take care and not let it blow off. But (said her mamma) I chuse it should be taken off, therefore I beg you will not hesitate about doing as I desire you ; but go directly and put it away : again she was silly enough to dispute doing as she was bid ; but Mrs. *Right* looked very earnestly at her, and said, *Jenny*, I do insist upon your carrying it up stairs, and if you do not mind what I say to you, I shall be extremely angry with you. After this, I confess, I should not have thought she would have offered to have gone into the garden before she had obeyed her mamma's command. But she strangely forgot herself, and *did* go, where it blew off into the dirt. As soon as she found the bad consequence of not minding what had been said to her, she carried it away, put it into
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the box, and took her old one out, and went to play again. Soon after tea Mrs. Right asked me, if it would be agreeable to take a walk in the garden. I accepted of her offer, and we went, where we found *Jenny* in her old bonnet. "O! you have changed your bonnet (said her mamma) did you do it directly when I bid you?" She directly replied, "I am very sorry, Ma'am, and ask your pardon for being so naughty as not to mind when you first spoke to me, but I came into the garden before I changed it, and while I was at play it tumbled into the dirt." How much more noble now was this honest confession of her fault (and a great one it was, not to mind what her mamma had said to her) than if, by trying to conceal the truth, she had been guilty of lying.

*A Liar we can never trust,
Tho' he should speak the thing that's true,
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.*

HARRIOT. Pray, Ma'am, how do you mean makes it two?

MAMMA. Surely, my dear, you can be at no loss to understand that expression! Is not the person who commits a wrong action guilty of *one* fault? And if they tell a lie to prevent its being discovered, is not that another? Consequently they

are guilty of *two* ; whereas, if they at once own their first crime, they would then only have one fault to repent of ; but by adding *lying* to what they had done before, they undoubtedly make it become two. Do you not understand that it does ?

HARRIOT. Yes, Ma'am, I do.

BETSY. Why, is lying wicked ?

MAMMA. Because it is misusing the blessing of speech, which was given for our mutual comfort and assistance ; but if instead of using our tongues to express our several wants, and declare the different thoughts and sentiments of our hearts, we suffer them to depart from the truth, and speak things which we know to be false, we then defeat the purposes for which language was intended : and so far from our speech being of any service to our fellow creatures, on the contrary it becomes a snare and trouble to them, and often draws them into many difficulties and distresses. For the intelligence of a person who is known to utter falsehoods, can never be relied upon. Whatever such a one told me, I should always doubt the truth of, and consequently be at a loss in what manner properly to act. If, for instance, Miss *Bounce* was to enter, and tell me, she had just met your papa, who desired to speak to me, I should not know what to do, whether to go seek for him or not, as I should be afraid she was telling me a falsity, and that she had *not* seen him. I therefore might very probably

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not go to him, and he perhaps would wonder I did not, and be alarmed lest some accident had happened to prevent me. And so in every case the words of a *liar* must ever be suspected, and all their assurances be of no avail to gain them any belief: soon therefore must they forfeit all their credit amongst men, and lose the favor and love of God; for he has declared, that no *liar* shall have admittance into eternal life.

*Let Truth then, my dear, still dwell on your tongue,
From her maxims O never depart;
But give yourself up to her guidance whilst young,
Her precepts engrave on your heart.*

*Whatever temptations arise to your view,
Courageously set them at nought;
To the dictates of virtue still dare to be true,
And practice the truths you've been taught.*

*Convince'd that by falsehood no good can be gain'd,
No wickedness ever conceal;
For lying can purchase us nothing but pain,
And time the deceit will reveal.*

*Then contempt and disdain shall encompass you round,
For every falsehood you've spoke;
No peace or enjoyment shall ever be found,
By those who the truth have once broke.*

Detested

*Detested and shunn'd by the whole human race,
To their words no respect will be given ;
Whilst on earth thus they sink into lowest disgrace,
And forfeit their title to Heaven.*

*Abhor'd by our God of all truth still are those,
Who dishonor their lives by deceit ;
And if whilst they live his laws they oppose,
After death they shall punishment meet.*

BETSY. I like those verses! Shall we learn them by heart, Ma'am?

MAMMA. Yes, my dear, I wish you would, for I think you cannot too deeply engrave on your memory the dreadful consequence of falsehood and deceit.

HARRIOT. I wish, Ma'am, you would be so obliging as to teach us some more poetry, for I like learning it very much. Pray will you repeat those lines upon the king's birth-day, which you said the other day?

MAMMA. With much pleasure, my love, if you chuse it, as nothing affords me greater satisfaction than to give you every indulgence in my power.

*As Delia early cross'd the plain,
Whilst still the dew drops did remain ;
Her fire she saw advancing near,
And swift she flew his voice to hear.*

When

*When straight she cry'd, Ah! Father, say,
 Why shines so bright the sun to-day?
 Why do the lambs so joyful frisk?
 And why appear the hinds so brisk?*

*And can you ask, my dear (he said)
 You who in Britain have been bred?
 This is Great George our King's birth-day,
 Who now doth Britain's sceptre sway.
 Well may the lambs in play be seen,
 And sport along the flow'ry green!
 Well may the sun full bright arise,
 And beautify the eastern skies!
 Well may all nature bend to Heaven,
 From whence so great a boon is given!
 For Heaven, my love, good kings doth give,
 To teach mankind the way to live.
 Ah! well may nature all rejoice,
 And all with one united voice,
 Help celebrate Great George our King;
 With George's name ye vallies ring,
 And from the hills that's plac'd around,
 Let George's name be heard resound.
 And far from yonder sandy shore,
 Where echo can be heard no more;
 There let the wind the same sound bring,
 And praise Great George our British King.
 For Briton's pride may centre here,
 George to the Good must still be dear.*

HARRIOT. Thank you, Ma'am. I think I shall soon be able to say it by heart.

MAMMA. I will write it out for you, and then you may read it over till you get it perfect. I am going up stairs and will do it now.

L E T T E R XXIV.

Miss SEAMORE to Mrs. BARTLATE.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE read your last two letters over a great many times, and I hope I shall remember the kind advice you have given me in them. I perfectly well recollect going to Mrs. *Froth's*, and seeing her little boy play with guineas. I think it is a sad pity, that Miss *Froths* have not been taught to do any thing more useful than what you mention. My mamma says, she has known so many instances of the same kind happen to families who fancied themselves in the greatest affluence, that was she ever so rich, her children should always wait upon themselves, and learn all kind of *useful*, as well as *ornamental* works: that in case the same accident was to happen to us, we might better know how to provide for ourselves. Pray, Ma'am, do you know Mrs. *Jones*, who takes care of Mr. *West's* children? My mamma tells me, that once she was very rich, and brought up in a most expensive manner, though not more so than her father could well afford. But her mother, at the same time that she let her learn every accomplishment fit for a young lady

lady of her rank and fortune, chose likewise that she should be instructed in every thing which was useful. And what a happy thing it is she did: For now that her husband has spent all her money, she would not know by what means to get her bread, unless she could work, as well as sing and dance. Whereas, though now she is not so rich as she was, she lives very comfortably, and she is a very worthy useful woman, my mamma says, and takes a great deal of care of all the Miss *West's*. She teaches them to read, and write, and work, and draw; and she likewise teaches them music, and every thing they learn. She was at our house last week, and two Miss *West's* with her. Miss *Molly* is embroidering a pair of shoes for her aunt, and Miss *Sukey* is learning to make lace. She has finished one piece for a tucker, and it is very fine, and looks very pretty: and now she is doing a border of a cap for her little sister. You cannot think how extremely well she sings, and plays on the harpsicord! Mrs. *Jones* says she is very fond of it, and takes great pains about it, and *that* is the only way, she says, to to excel in any thing. I almost forgot to tell you, that my uncle *Samuel* has given *Tom* a new rocking horse. It is a very large and pretty one. It is almost the colour of Mr. *Argile's*, *that* is called cream colour, is it not? With a fine long white mane and tail down to the ground. *Tom*

is

is prodigiously pleased with it, and rides almost from morning till night. He fell off from it last week; but my papa told him, that if he could not ride better, he must not ride any more. So he has taken great pains to ride well ever since. General *Dodsworth* has began to teach him to exercise; and you cannot think how pretty he looks when he is marching. My sister says, she should like to exercise too: but the General repiles, he never teaches young ladies: And my mamma does not think it at all a proper qualification for a girl to learn. Mr. *Foot*, she says, will teach us how to walk, and move gracefully, if we will but attend to what he says. To-morrow, after we have done dancing, we are to go to see some shell-work the Miss *Truemans* have just finished. We are told it is exceeding curious, and is designed for their friend the Dutchess of *Drowslet*. I have now told you all the news I know, and am quite tired of writing, so must beg permission here to leave off, and subscribe myself,

Your dutiful and affectionate Niece,

HARRIOT SEAMORE.

L E T T E R XXV.

Mrs. BARTLATE to Miss SEAMORE.

I AM much of your mamma's opinion, that Mr. *Foot* is a far properer master, to instruct girls how to move with dignity and ease, than our friend the General. Martial exercise not being at all adapted to the *delicacy* of a young lady, whose endeavour should be to acquire more gentleness of manners than the movements of a soldier will admit of. By *gentleness of manners*, I am far from wishing to be understood as if I wanted to encourage that foolish affectation which too many young women practice; and which instead of discovering any superior delicacy of sentiment, only proves their weakness of mind. To be frightened at the sight of *fire-arms*, or at the sound of *thunder*, or to scream, and run at the approach of a *spider*, a *wasp*, a *frog*, or a *toad*, is the height of folly and affectation. And, sorry indeed should I be, to see any of my nieces give way to such simple behaviour; and so far neglect the voice of reason, as to suffer themselves, either to be *really* frightened, at what cannot annoy them, or fancy that, by *pretending* to be so, they appear in any respect more agreeable. I once knew a young lady,

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who so far gave way to her ridiculous fears, that she absolutely destroyed the happiness of her life, by means of the perpetual state of apprehension she lived in. There was scarcely a living creature of which she was not afraid. At the sight of a *spider* she would roar out, as if in the most violent agonies. An *ear-wig* terrified her as much. And to avoid a *wasp*, I have frequently seen her leave the room and shut herself up in a close closet. Nor was it only from insects she received such alarms: but *cats*, *dogs*, *birds*, *cows*, and *horses*, equally disturbed her peace. If, as she was walking, any of them chanced to come within a dozen yards of her, she would instantly begin squeaking and running, as if deprived of sense and reason. Whether she *was* deprived of reason or not, I cannot take upon me to determine; but I am sure she took no pains to *exert*, or make *use* of it, and therefore always behaved in a most ridiculous manner, and rendered herself the contempt of all who knew her. Not less disagreeable did her sister make herself, by running into the contrary extreme. For to avoid the same imputation of *affectation*, she totally laid aside all that delicacy and softness of manners becoming the female sex, and instead of flying from an horse, she would make no scruple of putting on its bridle; or taking off its saddle, when returned from riding. Neither was it at all an uncommon thing

to see her clapping a dog on its back, endeavouring to make it fly at another. In all her movements and exercises she discovered no degree of grace, and took a sort of pride in being thought robust enough to undergo any sort of labor or fatigue. She also neglected any care in her method of expressing her sentiments, and spoke in a tone of voice, better adapted to a farmer than a young lady. I assure you it was almost impossible to be in company with the two sisters, and not break through the laws of politeness, by desiring the one to speak rather louder, that she might be more intelligible, and the other something lower, that one's ears might not be stunned. You cannot imagine two people behaving in more direct opposition to each other; and yet both equally ridiculous and wrong. Another instance, in which they both deviated from the medium of *right*, was with regard to *tears*. Miss *Emma*, thinking it shewed her delicacy to weep upon every the most insignificant occasion: and Miss *Lucy* imagining it degraded her fortitude to drop a single tear upon the most affecting circumstance, either relating to herself or others. In short, they both contrived to make themselves as disagreeable as possible, and appeared as if they thought they rose in worth, in proportion as they swerved from nature; for they were two of the most *unnatural* beings you can suppose any of the human species to be. Which

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was the most disagreeable of the two it would be difficult to determine. Though the insufferable affectation of Miss *Emma* did excite one's utmost *contempt*, yet the masculine carriage of *Lucy*, could not fail still more to disgust, and become one's *abhorrence* and *detestation*. The characters of each of them, my love, I however would wish you carefully to avoid, and in no degree let affectation appear in your words or actions. Your own native goodness and innocence of heart requires no false colouring to conceal its sentiments from the eye of the world. That is I mean, so long as you continue to be good and virtuous, so long you have no occasion to wish to appear different from that you really are. It is only those who are conscious of not thinking as they *ought* to think, can have any desire to conceal their real opinions, and therefore call in affectation to their assistance. But however silly girls may be pleased with such ridiculous behaviour in one another, and fancy it looks pretty to toss their heads about when they speak, or laugh, and talk in an unnatural voice; yet, depend upon it, to every body of the least sense and discernment, such conduct is always exceedingly unpleasing. And whatever their good qualities may be which they possess, yet it so much conceals them, that it is not possible without much difficulty they should be discovered, and very frequently they are overlooked and unob-

served. With caution therefore, my dearest girl, guard against the most distant approach of affectation; whilst at the same time you exert your constant care not to degenerate into the rude uncultivated manners of Miss *Lucy*. Nothing can be more displeasing than such *noisy* robust behaviour in a young woman of any station; more especially if she wishes to appear as if she had received any education at all. But I dare say you will have discernment sufficient to discover the impropriety of behaving in either of the methods I have been describing, and will, with great caution, avoid running into either extreme. That you may be enabled in this, as well as every other instance, of your life, to conduct yourself with discretion, and keep the happy golden mean, is the constant sincere wish of,

Your most tender and affectionate Aunt,

MARTHA BARTLATE.

T H E E N D.



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